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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

RED LEAVES AND ROOKS.

Brown leaves an' scarlet an' golden as
a guinea,
The West Wind he drives 'em, he
drives 'em ever so,
All down the field-path, an' all a-down
the spinney.
He blows 'em an' shows 'em the road
they must go!

The North Wind's northerly, the South
Wind's southerly,
The East Wind's easterly—oh, blue and
hard he hails,
The West Wind's the best wind—so
friendly an' so brotherly,
He blows down the beech-nuts, an'
fills the rooks' tails!

Wild is the West Wind bewilderin' the
twilight,
His great clouds a-comin' like the
grey-geese off the seas,
Wild blows his trumpets, his wild
voices fly light,
Where fallin' an' callin' the rooks take
the trees!

Daylight's diggin' time—from full
shield to new sickle
The moon's arrows ever are for true
lovers loosed,
But twilight is my light, so trumpety
and musical
When tossed down the West Wind the
rooks drop to roost!

Black rooks an' gold leaves—oh, golder
than a guinea,
The wild Wind he drives 'em from out
the roarin' West,
All down the sky-paths, an' all a-down
the spinney,
He flings 'em an' sings 'em to roost an'
to rest!

The North Wind's northerly, the
South Wind's southerly,
The East Wind's easterly—for all his
sunny looks—
The West Wind's the best wind—so
friendly an' so brotherly,
He sweeps up the red leaves an' blows
home the rooks!

P. R. C.

The Westminster Gazette.

SONNET

Well might John Keats have wandered
up and down
This stubble field, and paused just here
to view
The angry purple of the distant town,
The ragged hedge, and cornsheaf's
tawny hue.

Sometimes I think he does, and almost
see
The stooping form, the dark tumultu-
ous eyes,
The full hot lips that ever seem to be
Parted in some strange passionate sur-
mise.
Then from the past the wizard breeze
wafts faint
Some wistful echo of his troublous day,
And my touched heart complains with
his complaint
"Why should our young Endymion fade
away?"
Alas the gathering mists whirl fast and
dim,
To think too closely is to banish him.
R. A. Eric Shepherd.

A LITTLE SONG OF COMFORT

O turn thine eyes,
Dear heart, from wintry skies
To where a wherry, laden deep
With daffodils
From the southern isles, from isles of
sleep,
Her saffron spills
On the low-lying meads.

Look where she looses to the sere
And rustling reeds,
The cuckoo of another year—
Where on the golden tides of air
She shoots her dim and purple nets,
Sweetly to snare
The sense with hope of violets.

Warm from the West
A breath
Hath blown aside the veil of death—
Where last year's nest
Waits the remoulding of a mother
breast!
Turn then thine eyes,
O tender soul, to brightening skies.
The Nation. C. A. Dawson Scott.

PANAMA: THE DIFFICULTY AND ITS SOLUTION.

The Panama policy of the United States has caused much surprise, disappointment and irritation in Great Britain, and the angry protests against America's "breach of faith" which have lately appeared in the British Press have very naturally aroused much resentment on the other side of the Atlantic, and have led to vehement attacks upon Great Britain in the American newspapers. The possibility of a serious Anglo-American quarrel has filled with great joy those who are not friendly to the Anglo-Saxon peoples, and with great concern those who, like the writer of these pages, hope for an Anglo-Saxon reunion, and believe that the peace of the world can most firmly be established, not by unpractical schemes of international disarmament advocated by visionaries, but by the hearty, determined and practical co-operation of the British Empire and the United States.

Quarrels between States and between individuals arise most frequently from hastiness, lack of thought and mutual misunderstandings. The Panama controversy is no exception to the rule. The American politicians and pressmen whose views we have heard on this side of the ocean have perhaps not sufficiently considered the ultimate consequences of the policy which they have forced upon their Government. The views will probably before long be influenced by the opinion of their statesmen, their military and naval experts, and other public servants. American diplomacy, being constantly hustled and driven by immature and ill-informed public opinion, is apt to act rashly and impulsively, and to make initial mistakes. But usually it corrects these mistakes in time, for Americans, above all men, are open-minded. On the other hand, the British

publicists, who have loudly complained of the Panama policy of the United States, have shown that they are, practically without exception, insufficiently acquainted with the facts and with the American view of the case and the peculiar difficulties of American diplomacy. I have had the opportunity of discussing in Washington the Panama problem in all its bearings with some of the leading American statesmen, admirals and generals, and with the heads of the Government departments concerned in it. Let us, then, study dispassionately the Panama question in the light of information much of which will be new to the British public, and let us especially try to understand and appreciate the American point of view.

The Panama problem has a politico-military and an economic aspect. Although the politico-military aspect is undoubtedly by far the more important one of the two, the economic aspect has monopolized public attention. It has exclusively been discussed on both sides of the Atlantic, as if the Panama question was not one of the greatest national questions affecting England and America, but merely a question of pounds, shillings and pence and a shipping question. However, let us first consider the economic aspect of the Panama problem.

The Panama policy of the United States, considered from the economic point of view, is part of their shipbuilding and shipping policy. Very little is known in Great Britain of America's maritime policy and conditions, and of her maritime history, disappointments, hopes and ambitions. Yet a knowledge of America's maritime conditions and ambitions is essential for understanding her Panama policy.

Few people in Great Britain know

how incredibly quickly American shipping has declined. In 1850 more than seven-tenths of the American foreign trade was carried in American vessels. Now less than one-tenth of the American trade is carried in such vessels.

In the United States and elsewhere it is frequently asserted that the Civil war "destroyed" the American merchant marine. That assertion is not correct. The American shipping engaged in the foreign trade was diminished not only by the attacks of hostile cruisers, but still more by being transferred from the foreign to the coasting trade; for, in the absence of adequate railways, the coasting trade had received an enormous impetus through the war, which made huge transports of food and war materials necessary.

In the course of the war the tonnage of American vessels engaged in the foreign trade diminished by almost 1,000,000 tons, whilst that engaged in the coasting trade increased by almost 700,000 tons. The actual war losses suffered by the American merchant marine through capture and through the placing of American shipping under foreign flags were not as great as is generally believed.

Since the time of the war the character of the American merchant marine has curiously changed. The shipping engaged in the foreign trade has slowly and almost continuously diminished, whilst that engaged in the coasting trade has almost continuously and very greatly increased.

During the decade 1900-1910 the American coastal shipping has increased by considerably more than 2,000,000 tons, a truly wonderful progress.

Many cases have contributed to the decline of the American merchant marine. Of these the Civil War is only one. Another cause lay in the evolution of the ship towards the

middle of the last century. During the sailing-ship era the United States had, as far as the shipping industries are concerned, an enormous advantage over the nations of Europe, and especially over thinly wooded Great Britain, through the cheapness of timber and of the other important raw materials required in shipbuilding, which were plentiful and extremely cheap in America, and which were very scarce and very dear in Europe. That advantage was lost with the advent of the iron ship.

Many people in the United States and in Great Britain believe that the decline of the maritime industries of the United States has been caused by the policy of Protection. However, according to the best American authorities, the former prosperity of the United States shipping was due not to Free Trade, but to rigorous Protection, and the decline of the United States shipping was due not to Protection but to the withdrawal of Protection—to Free Trade. On that point the very important Report of the American Merchant Marine Commission, which examined all the leading shipping people in the United States, contains the following weighty announcement:

The American merchant fleet from 1800 to 1860 was the second in size and the most enterprising, efficient and profitable in existence. But throughout most of that time it was a protected industry—protected at first by discriminating duties and tonnage taxes, which were not completely removed against our most formidable rival until 1849; protected later by the California gold discovery and the Crimean War. When these factors lost their power, as they did in 1855-1856, there came the sharpest and most significant decline that American shipbuilding has ever suffered in the half-decade from 1855 to 1860.

How powerful the American shipbuilding industry was even during the

very period of 1855-1860, when, as we are authoritatively informed, it suffered, "the sharpest and most significant decline that it has ever suffered," will be seen from the fact that the output of shipping of the United States was then equal to the tonnage built in Great Britain, whilst the tonnage which the United States built for foreign countries was far greater than the tonnage which Great Britain built for foreign countries.

Shortly before the outbreak of the American Civil War, and during a period when the American shipbuilding industry suffered "the sharpest and most significant decline that it has ever suffered," that industry was certainly as powerful as that of Great Britain.

In 1871 the United States began the policy of admitting free of duty materials for shipbuilding, and gradually extended the policy. The Dingley Tariff of 1897, for instance, stated:

Sec. XII: "That all materials of foreign production which may be necessary for the construction of vessels built in the United States for foreign account and ownership, or for the purpose of being employed in the foreign trade, including the trades between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States, and also the materials necessary for the building of their machinery, and all articles necessary for their outfit and equipment, may be imported in bond under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe; and upon proof that such materials have been used for such purposes, no duty shall be paid thereon. But vessels receiving the benefit of this section shall not be allowed to engage in the coastwise trade of the United States more than two months in any one year, except upon the payment to the United States of the duties of which a rebate is herein allowed; provided that vessels built in the United States for foreign account and ownership shall not be allowed to engage

in the coastwise trade of the United States."

Sec. XIII: "That all articles of foreign production needed for the repair of American vessels engaged in foreign trade, including the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States, may be withdrawn from bonded warehouses free of duty under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe."

Under this law, which is still in force, not only steel plates and shapes, but articles of equipment as elaborate and costly as ships' compasses have been imported free of duty for the use of vessels built in the United States for the foreign trade, and for the coastwise trade between the Atlantic and the Pacific. As freight is cheap, and as all nations habitually sell their wares cheaper in the foreign than in the home market, the United States could, and can still, obtain their raw materials required for shipbuilding as cheaply as the shipbuilders of the United Kingdom. It is, therefore, clear that Protection has not caused the decline of the United States shipbuilding industry, which has continued since 1897 notwithstanding the abrogation of all duties on imported materials for shipbuilding. On this point Mr. E. T. Chamberlain wrote in his *Official Report on Navigation of 1909*: "Among the fanciful causes for the decline of the American merchant marine the high tariff is sometimes included." Senator Gallinger wrote in his Report "Development of the American Ocean Mail Service and American Commerce" (60th Congress, 1st Session, doc. 225):

Any shipowner or builder who desires to send to Scotland for his steel plates and shapes and other materials, not only for the construction but for the equipment and repair of the vessel for the deep-sea trade or for the coastwise trade between our Atlantic and Pacific ports, could have brought in

such materials by the shipload, and received a rebate of every penny of the duty. If our ocean fleet has not increased, it has not been for lack of free access to the free materials of the world; it has not been because of the "extortion" of any trust or the "barriers" of a protective tariff. The truth is that "free materials" alone, as has so often been demonstrated, are not a determining factor in the prosperity of any industry.

The American protective system reaches no further than the land frontiers, for the sea is open to all. Free Trade prevails on the sea. The decline of the shipbuilding and shipping industries of the United States is due—and this fact is most important—neither to the Civil War nor to Protection, but to the absence of Protection for American shipping on the seas. Protection has brought the manufacturing industries from Europe to the United States, and has made them exceedingly prosperous and powerful. Owing to the rapid and continuous expansion of the manufacturing industries, employment in America is excellent as a rule, and there is work for all who will work. Besides, the high import duties which were imposed for the purpose of protecting "the American standard of living" have maintained American wages at a level which is approximately twice as high as that of British wages. The cost of ships consists of two factors, the price of raw materials and the wages paid in shipbuilding. Now, although the American shipbuilders can buy their beams, plates, etc., as cheaply as the British shipbuilders, either in the United States or abroad—for they can import them free of duty—American ships cost far more than British ships, because of the great difference between American and British wages. On this point Mr. John M'Neill, late National President of the Brotherhood of Boilermakers and Shipbuilders of

America, stated before the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries of 1906:

I have served my time in Scotland, and have worked at the business there considerably. . . . In Scotland and England the present rate of wages is 6s. a day. That is the standard rate of wages. You, gentlemen, know what that is. It is \$1.50. That is the price paid at the present time at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, England. Today, in this country, our mechanics in the Navy Yard here average \$3.20 per day, or more than 100 per cent. more than is paid in that country. The same conditions will govern in the private yards of private corporations. All the shipbuilding done in the Old Country, and a lot of it done here, is done on piecework. That includes all shipbuilders, skilled mechanics, riveters, fitters, caulkers, boilermakers. The large majority of the work is done on piecework. In Scotland the highest rate of wages at the present time for piecework in driving rivets is 9s. per hundred for three-quarter rivets, and 10s. 6d. for larger rivets. The price increases with the size of the rivets. In this country you are paying \$3.50 per hundred, whereas they are paying \$1.75. . . .

The rate of wages and conditions existing on the other side make it impossible for us people here to compete successfully with them in the market. The wages over there are low, exceedingly low; they are over 100 per cent. lower over there than here in a great many cases. . . . I hope not a gentleman here would desire to see American labor put on the same level or in the same condition as in England. There is no accommodation for the working-man there. He is a working-man as long as he lives; but in this country it is different, and we want you, gentlemen, to keep it different, too. We do not want conditions like that to come into this country, and I hope no gentleman here will try to enact any legislation that will bring about conditions whereby we will be compelled to work for the same rate of wages or under the same conditions as they do in England.

In the words of the American Merchant Marine Commission: "The real dominant factor is not the price of materials, but the high wages of the skilled American workmen who fashion the plates and beams into the finished ship."

As wages in the shipbuilding trade are on an average about twice as high in the United States as in Great Britain, American ships are far more expensive than British ships. Now, the first cost of a ship is a matter of the greatest importance to shipowners. One must reckon 5 per cent on the first cost of the ship for interest, 5 per cent for depreciation, and .6 per cent for insurance, or in all a charge of 16 per cent per year. If, owing to the great difference in wages, an American ship costs 50 per cent more to build than a British ship of equal size—that is an average difference—the American shipowner who competes with British trade is handicapped at the outset with a crippling charge of 8 per cent per annum owing to the greater first cost of his ships alone. But in running his ships in free competition with the nations of the world, the American shipowner has to reckon not only with this handicap of 8 per cent. per year, for American seamen's wages are in many cases twice as high as are British seamen's wages. The American Merchant Marine Commission gives, for instance, the following example:

TOTAL WAGES PAID PER ANNUM	
American s. s. <i>Acapulco</i> , operating between San Francisco and Panama	British s. s. <i>Palena</i> , operating between San Francisco and Valparaiso
Gross tonnage, 2572 tons 66 men	Gross tonnage, 2553 tons 86 men
Wages, \$36,720.00 per annum	Wages, \$18,430.32 per annum

The American ship *Acapulco* paid twice the wages paid by the British ship *Palena*, although the British ship carried twenty more men. American ships have not only to pay far higher wages

than British ships, but they have also to provide better food and accommodation. For instance, according to Par. 107 of the American Navigation Laws, American seamen are entitled to no less than 1½ lb. of fresh meat per day when in port, and to 1½ lb. of salt meat, canned meat, and fish per day when not in port. Owing to the abundance of employment and the high rate of wages prevailing universally in America, cheap sailors are unobtainable in that country. Hence, free competition between English and American ships is out of the question. The inability of the United States to compete freely on the sea with Great Britain on neutral routes is most strikingly shown by the following figures:

TONNAGE OF SHIPPING PASSED THROUGH THE
SUEZ CANAL DURING 1911

		TONS NET
United Kingdom . . .	3,089 vessels	11,715,947
United States . . .	2 vessels	1,690

In the trade through the Suez Canal English and American shipping stand in the relation of 6000 to 1. On the neutral sea routes American shipping has disappeared. Had the United States not reserved the coasting trade to American shipping, and subsidized a few liners, there would be no American merchant marine at all.

The Americans are an intensely patriotic people, and they think it is a disgrace to their country that their merchant marine, which used to rival that of Great Britain, has been practically wiped out; that almost her entire foreign trade is carried in foreign bottoms; that the freight charges made by foreign ships for American exports are as a rule higher than the freights charged by the same ships for European exports; that an American wishing to travel from New York to Rio Janeiro or Buenos Ayres in comfort has to cross the ocean twice, travelling *via* England; that in case of war their fleet is dependent for its coal on for-

eign colliers. They feel all this as a national humiliation. Hence the citizens, regardless of class and occupation, call passionately for the re-creation of the American merchant marine. Important organizations for the promotion of the American merchant marine have sprung up throughout the United States. Countless meetings of merchants, manufacturers, bankers and other business men have demanded its re-creation for purely patriotic reasons. On the 26th of January 1910, the National Board of Trade resolved at the fortieth annual meeting at Washington:

That in our judgment the commercial interests of the country require prompt legislation, such as will result in the re-establishment of the American merchant marine.

That we ask of Congress not only the immediate establishment of American owned and managed mail and freight lines to our dependencies and the leading commercial countries of the world, but also a proper legislation which will enable our citizens to build, operate and maintain steamers and sailing-vessels on an equal footing with any other maritime Power.

I could quote hundreds of similar resolutions passed unanimously, not only by associations of business men, but by farmers' granges as well.

That the re-creation of the American merchant marine is not a sectional party matter, but a national question, will be seen by the examination of the party platforms and the party literature of the two great American parties. I have before me the latest Republican and Democratic campaign books. In the Republican campaign book the re-creation of the merchant marine is advocated on eleven closely printed pages. In the Democratic campaign book it is demanded on no less than thirty-one pages. The two great American parties are agreed as to the end, but they

are not agreed as to the means. The Republican party has hitherto recommended subsidies sufficient to enable American shipowners to compete with other nations on the ocean. The Democratic party has proposed a discriminating tariff in favor of goods imported in American ships by means of rebates on the import duties charged on the goods so imported. Ship-subsidy Bills of various kinds come every year before the American Congress.

The Atlantic trade of the United States is carried on chiefly by Great Britain and Germany, whilst the Pacific trade of the United States is largely in the hands of the Japanese. The American shipping trade has fallen into the hands of Great Britain, Germany and Japan because wages in these three countries are far lower than they are in the United States. Now, every good American is indignant that they should have lost their merchant marine through the free competition of "low-priced alien labor" and not unnaturally they wish to take from Great Britain and the other great maritime countries the trade which they have lost. How can this be done in view of the existing commercial treaties? The late Senator Elkins, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate on the 5th of April 1897 on discriminating duties, said:

When the United States wish to restore shipping and become independent on sea as on land, a treaty with England, covered with the dust of nearly a century, is brought forth, and we are solemnly told its sacred provisions must not be violated, and we must remain bound hand and foot, powerless to help ourselves, though what is proposed is right and proper, and would benefit our interests. No treaty should stand in the way of our having what belongs to us as a matter of right, and having our fair share of the carrying-trade of the world. Of course, no treaty should be violated as long as it is in force, but this Bill expressly pro-

poses in terms to abrogate all treaties in conflict with the provisions of the Bill.

If that policy, which is frequently advocated, should be adopted, the danger of retaliation would, of course, arise. How will that danger be met? In a Report of 1910 (sixty-first Congress, second Session, Report 502, Part 2) on the American merchant marine, we read:

All the commercial nations of the world need what we have to sell. They cannot afford to impose unnecessary burdens upon their own people in their efforts to punish us for the exercise of the very right which they claim for themselves. In one respect, at least, we have the advantage of any other country. We produce the cotton which keeps their factories running, gives employment to their labor and clothes their millions. They cannot get it elsewhere, and there is no substitute. It is inconceivable that England, or Germany, or any other country which manufactures cotton cloth, would put a burden upon our raw material, without which their machinery would stop and their people would suffer.

The United States very naturally desire to recover the shipping trade they have lost from those countries to which they have lost it. Owing to Great Britain's predominance on the seas, the American maritime policy is necessarily and inevitably anti-British, sympathy with Great Britain notwithstanding.

Examination of the very voluminous official investigations and reports on the subject shows clearly that the various proposals for the re-creation of the American merchant marine have hitherto not led to the adoption of a comprehensive policy because of the enormous expenditure required for equalizing British and American shipping conditions by sufficiently high subsidies or by rebates on import duties. Consequently, the most promi-

nent supporters of the American maritime policy have advocated during the last two decades to begin by building up that part of the American shipping trade in which the United States are most strongly interested, and they have naturally selected the trade between South and North America as the most promising and most immediate field of Governmental action. The United States embarked upon the construction of the Panama Canal for military and economic reasons. But whilst military considerations were uppermost in the minds of the American statesmen, economic ones predominated very naturally in the minds of the American politicians and the general public. The enthusiasm of the people was roused by the confident expectation that the Panama Canal would prove a powerful instrument for the re-creation of the American merchant marine, that it would specially benefit the Americans by handicapping the foreign shipping using it. Therefore the man in the street refused to take the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty seriously. He argued, with good common sense: "Surely the Government is not going to spend \$500,000,000 of American money on the Panama Canal for the benefit of Great Britain, Germany, and Japan?" He thought it a matter of course that, as the United States were to build the Canal with the money of American taxpayers, its principal advantage would be reserved to American shipping. Everyone acquainted with the United States knew beforehand that the American Government would find it exceedingly difficult to act in accordance with the stipulations of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, because these were opposed to popular expectations, and, indeed, to common sense.

American diplomacy made, no doubt, a mistake in signing the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. At that time American diplomats might have argued that the

Clayton-Bulwer Treaty should be abrogated owing to the altered condition of affairs, and that, on the principle "He who pays the piper calls the tune," the United States were entitled to give favored treatment to their own ships. That would have been businesslike. Legally, according to the wording of the treaty, the United States are not now entitled to grant to their ships the free use of the Canal, but morally they are so entitled. That fact has been overlooked by most British writers. The American statesmen responsible for the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty acted unwisely. Was Mr. Roosevelt responsible for the mistake? At any rate, the Americans should rather be angry with their own statesmen for having signed a stupid treaty, and thrown away America's chances, than with Great Britain for expecting the fulfilment of the treaty which they had signed after the fullest discussion.

British indignation at the non-observance of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty is due partly to the fact that the British public is unacquainted with the justifiable maritime hopes and ambitions of the American people, and the equally justifiable expectations that the Canal should benefit their own shipping; partly it is due to an exaggerated idea of the economic importance and value of the Panama Canal and the consequences of America's decision to grant free passage through the Canal to American vessels engaged in the coasting trade. As the coasting trade is already reserved by law to American shipping, the action of the United States will not diminish in the least the business of British and other non-American shipowners using the Canal, because these are excluded from the coasting trade by law. The fear expressed by Mr. Bunau-Varilla that non-American ships would have to pay for the boon granted to American ships by

increased tolls seems scarcely justified. The Americans will, no doubt, charge the highest toll which the traffic can bear, because, even then, the Canal will not be a paying undertaking. Besides, it is not to be apprehended that the comparatively small subsidies to the American shipping passing through the Canal in the shape of freedom from tolls will enable their shipping to compete successfully in neutral markets with non-American shipping. It is to be expected that the freedom of the Canal will be given only to coasting shipping in the strict sense of the term. But even if American coastal shipping should be allowed to engage in the general shipping trade, say, to Australia, New Zealand, and the countries of the Far East, the freedom of the Canal would not suffice to neutralize America's enormous handicap of high wages except on very short journeys. British shipping would not be appreciably affected by such a policy.

The Panama Canal is mainly a strategical undertaking. The British public has formed an exaggerated opinion not only as to the effect of America's Panama policy upon British shipping, but as to the economic importance of the Canal itself. The frequently heard surmise that the Panama Canal will be another, and perhaps a greater, Suez Canal is quite unjustified. The Suez Canal improved immensely the oldest and most frequented trade route of the world. It is the connecting link between the three greatest and most densely populated continents, Europe, Asia, and Africa. It is the prolongation of that wonderful inland lake the Mediterranean. It lies close to the doors of all Europe. It was virtually a monopoly, and its cost of construction was relatively small. The position of the Panama Canal is entirely different. It is of first-rate importance only to the partly barren west coast of America, which,

owing to its mountainous hinterland, has little depth and is, especially as regards South America, susceptible only of limited development. It is, therefore, difficult to see where traffic comparable with that of the Suez Canal is to come from. Besides, the Panama Canal has no monopoly. It has not even a monopoly of the trade between Eastern and Western North America. The long and narrow neck of Central America can easily be crossed in many places, and there is already an important competitor to the Panama Canal in the shape of the Tehuantepec Railway. The Tehuantepec Railway of Mexico, from Goazacoalcos, on the Gulf of Mexico, to Salina Cruz, on the Gulf of Tehuantepec, built by Messrs. S. Pearson and Company, of London, and supplied with excellent terminal facilities, saves on the journey from the east coast to the west coast of North America, and *vice versa*, or from Europe to the west coast of North America, and *vice versa*, no less than 1250 miles, or from four to five days, if compared with the Panama route. Probably the Panama Canal charges will be higher than the Tehuantepec Railway freight charges. Besides, sailing ships, which are very important in the Western American trade, will find it difficult to use the Panama route, because calms are frequent at Panama, whilst strong winds usually prevail at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Nor will the Tehuantepec Railway remain the only competitor to Panama.

The Suez Canal has been a great financial success. Its 20% shares stand at present at 240%, but it would be rash to assume that the Panama Canal will be a similar success. The Suez Canal has a capital of 8,000,000*l.*, whilst the Panama Canal will cost about 80,000,000*l.*, or ten times as much. It seems unlikely that the Panama Canal will ever have a traffic comparable with that of the Suez Canal. Its geographi-

cal position forbids it. Notwithstanding its greater cost, the Panama Canal will have to be satisfied with lower tolls than the Suez Canal. It has been proposed to charge \$1 per ton at Panama, whilst the Suez Canal charges frs. 7.25 or \$1.45, per ton. However, the Tehuantepec Railway and other competitors, among them the Suez Canal, may force the Panama toll below \$1 per ton. The financial prospects of the Panama Canal are by no means brilliant, and the American Government will be lucky if the Canal brings in the working expenses and the cost of maintenance, which, owing to earthquakes, may be extremely high.

The Panama Canal is likely to have a more important effect upon the manufacturing industries than upon shipping. The most important American manufacturing industries are located in the east of the United States, near the sea. They are separated from the markets of Australia, New Zealand and the Far East by the width of the North American Continent. At present Liverpool is considerably nearer to the Far East than New York. That will soon be changed. After the opening of the Canal, Yokohama will be 1805 miles, Sydney will be 2382 miles, and Wellington will be 2759 miles nearer New York than Liverpool. The Panama Canal will therefore better enable Massachusetts and other Eastern States to compete with their cotton goods, their ironware and machinery in markets in which hitherto Great Britain has had almost a monopoly. However, the greatest beneficiary of the Canal will probably be the rapidly expanding cotton industry of Japan. Cotton, grown in the South Eastern States of North America, is shipped in enormous quantities to Japan from the Pacific ports, whereto it has to be carried by rail over a distance of 2000 miles. This long land journey not only increases

its price very greatly, but causes long and unforeseen delays, which are ruinous to the Japanese cotton manufacturers. The opening of the Panama Canal should greatly benefit industrial Japan, and should considerably increase Japan's cotton exports to China and India, to the great harm of Lancashire. The Canal will also have an important influence upon American trans-continental railway rates, which it will control and regulate.

The Panama Canal will apparently not have a very far-reaching economic effect, but if, in course of time, its importance should greatly increase, and if the trade of the British Empire or of other countries should be seriously prejudiced or injured by America granting freedom from tolls to her own ships, serious friction will be the result. The position is therefore as follows: If America's Panama policy should prove ineffective, it was not worth her while breaking the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. If, on the other hand, it should prove effective, it will be harmful to other nations, and will lead to much friction, and possibly to retaliation. Americans should therefore ask themselves whether it is worth their while giving to their possible enemies a common grievance in addition to that of the Monroe Doctrine.

An unassailable Power can always, and a Power which is generally liked can sometimes, afford to disregard and to injure the interests of other nations. But the United States are neither universally liked nor unassailable. At the time of the Spanish-American War the United States discovered, not without surprise, that they had not a single friend in the world except Great Britain. Improvements made in the means of warfare and of transport have greatly abridged the distances which used to separate the United States from the warlike nations of Europe. Last, but not least, the United

States used to have only one frontier open to attack—their east coast; but the rise of Japan and the unsatisfactory relations between the United States and Japan have, during the last few years, given to the United States another and very long frontier requiring defence. The thinly settled Pacific coast offers the greatest attraction to an invader. The United States army is at present scarcely strong enough to defend San Francisco against a serious attack. Was it, then, wise to create in the Panama Canal a strategical point of the very greatest importance which, though separated by 1500 miles from the nearest point of the United States coast, must at all hazards be defended against attack? That is a more important question than the question whether the Panama Canal will or will not be of advantage to the American merchant marine; and herein lies by far the most important aspect of the Panama problem.

The United States had no option in the matter. The Canal was a necessity. As the United States are not rich enough to maintain permanently both on their east coast and on their west coast a naval force strong enough to meet unaided any possible opponent, a means had to be found which would enable the Pacific and Atlantic squadrons to unite quickly in time of war. Formerly the Pacific coast could safely be left devoid of naval defence. The rise of Japan has made the Panama Canal a necessity. By enabling the Pacific and Atlantic squadrons to unite at short notice, the Panama Canal doubles America's naval strength.

The fact that the Panama Canal might become a point of friction in time of peace and a danger centre in time of war was foreseen by many of the best-informed Americans. Admiral Mahan, the greatest living writer on naval strategy, wrote in *The Isthmus and Sea Power*:

With the changes consequent upon the Canal . . . we also shall be entangled in the affairs of the great family of nations, and shall have to accept the attendant burdens.

The same authority wrote in his recently published work *Naval Strategy*:

The general international importance to commerce of such a point as the Canal can scarcely fail to make the condition of its tenure and use a source of international difference and negotiation, which often are war under another form; that is, the solution depends upon military power, even though held in the background. . . .

One thing is sure: in the Caribbean Sea is the strategic key to the two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, our own chief maritime frontiers.

Admiral Mahan's assertion that the key to the two oceans lies in the Caribbean Sea is by no means exaggerated. A naval Power which is able to prevent America using the Canal is able to prevent the joining of her Pacific and Atlantic squadrons, whilst a naval Power which is actually occupying the Canal and its approaches can make the region of Panama its headquarters, and throw its troops at short notice on either coast of the United States. Thus the Canal, though it is situated at a distance of 1500 miles from the United States territory, will be the axis and keystone of America's defence in case of a great war. To defend it, the American coasts will have to be denuded of the ships and soldiers necessary for their defence. The Canal is forty and a half miles long. Its great length requires that there should not only be strongly fortified and garrisoned points at both openings of the Canal, but that there should also be strongly fortified intermediate positions along its course, in order to prevent troops, landed some distance away on the Isthmus, reaching any part of the waterway and destroying its navigability. A considerable permanent

garrison, say 5000 men, will therefore be needed in time of peace, which should be brought up to at least 20,000 men at the first sign of foreign complications. Thus the Canal will make disproportionately heavy claims upon the numerically weak and very costly United States army, both in time of peace and of war. It is bound to increase America's yearly military expenditure very greatly. Possibly the defence of the Panama Canal will in the end prove far more expensive than its construction.

He who wishes to dominate the Canal must not only dominate the Canal zone but also its approaches. A glance at the map shows that there are at a convenient distance from both Canal openings numerous island harbors and mainland ports which would furnish excellent bases for an attack upon "the strategic key to the two great oceans," as Admiral Mahan puts it. Between 1899 and 1901, before the construction of the Canal was begun, the problem was studied in all its aspects by an influential American Government Commission, presided over by Admiral Walker. With regard to its military position, the Commission reported:

The Canal is but one link in a chain of communications, of which adjacent links are the Caribbean Sea on the east and the waters of the Pacific, near the Canal's entrance, on the west. Unless the integrity of all the links can be maintained, the chain will be broken. The Power holding any one of the links can prevent the enemy from using the communication, but can itself use it only when it holds them all. . . .

Fortification is of the nature of insurance. In its practice there are several maxims which may here be noted. One is that the greater the value of the prize, the greater the temptation to the enterprise of the enemy, and the greater the amount of effort to be applied to the defences. Another is that the farther the place to be defended is

from supplies and reinforcements, the stronger must be the fortifications. Still another is that the less the natural features of the ground are favorable to defence, the more must strength be supplied by works of construction. From all three of these points of view *the Canal would require the maximum amount of fortifications. It would be a prize of extraordinary value; it would be beyond the reach of reinforcements if the enemy control the sea; and the low, flat shore on the Atlantic side, as well as the great length of the Canal, are unfavorable to defence.* To defend it by fortifications on land would be a costly, difficult and uncertain undertaking, and by absorbing resources which could better be employed elsewhere *would be a source of weakness.*

If defended at all, *the Canal should be defended at sea by the Navy. But that, again, would be a source of weakness, because it would hamper the movements of the Navy, which is essentially the arm of attack. If a large force of the Navy is to be employed in guarding the Canal, its power for offensive action, which is its normal employment, is diminished.* If, from force of circumstances, the Navy be compelled to abandon the offensive, its services will be more valuable upon our coasts than in the Caribbean Sea.

A much more certain and easy method of securing the use of the Canal to ourselves, while closing it to our enemies, is to *remove it from the operations of war by making it neutral. . . .*

It is the opinion of the Commission that a neutral canal, operated and controlled by American citizens, would materially add to the military strength of the United States; that a canal, whether neutral or not, controlled by foreigners would be a source of weakness to the United States rather than of strength; and that *a canal not neutral, to be defended by the United States, whether by fortifications on land or by the Navy at sea, would be a source of weakness.*

I have italicized some of the more important passages. The arguments advanced in the foregoing are faultless. They represent the best American mili-

tary and naval opinion. The Canal is likely to become indeed a point of weakness and of danger to the United States in case of war.

The Government Report from which the foregoing passages are taken contemplates only three possibilities: that the Canal be neutral and controlled by Americans; that it be controlled by foreigners; that it be not neutral, and to be defended by the United States. There is, however, a fourth possibility: that the Canal be neutral, controlled and policed by Americans and defended by the United States and another Power. Under the present arrangement the Panama Canal is bound to be to the United States a source of great expense and anxiety. Its control or capture by a third Power strong on the sea, such as Germany or Japan, or by a combination of Powers—Germany and Japan might conceivably combine—might be fatal to the United States. However, Great Britain has no interest in seeing the Canal controlled or seized by a third Power. If Great Britain should guarantee the position of the United States at Panama, the United States need no longer fear the Canal being attacked, and the enormous risk involved in its possession might be avoided. Perhaps the authors of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had such joint Anglo-American action in their mind. Their treaty begins with the significant words: "The United States and Her Britannic Majesty, being desirous of consolidating the relations of amity which so happily subsist between them . . ."

Nothing would more strongly tend to consolidate the relations of amity which so happily subsist between the United States and Great Britain than a great and valuable service done by one Power to the other. But this should evidently be a matter of give and take, and the United States should reciprocate Great Britain's service with

a similar one. The Panama question requires to be solved not by international lawyers but by statesmen. It calls for statesmanship of the highest kind, and the considerations which should guide the statesmen of both countries are the following:

It is not in Great Britain's interest to see the great Republic humiliated and despoiled by a great military Power.

It is not in the interest of the United States to see Great Britain's place taken by a military State.

It is not in the interest of the United States and Great Britain that the great military States should overwhelm their peaceful neighbors and eventually endanger the peace of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

After all, it is only natural that the two great democratic and individualist Anglo-Saxon communities, which are one in everything except in the outer form of their political organization, and which live in a world of warlike States, should support one another in time of danger, and should co-operate with one another in the promotion of Anglo-Saxon liberty and civilization in time of peace. Such mutual support and co-operation should make for world-wide peace and gradual disarmament.

If the United States carry out their contemplated Panama policy, charging tolls to other nations and giving the free use of the Canal to their own ships, the Canal may become a point of more or less dangerous international friction. Besides, the collection of the dues in the ordinary way is costly and troublesome. In view of the fact that

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the Canal is not likely ever to become a paying investment to the United States it will perhaps be wisest and cheapest to make it free to all nations. It cannot, of course, be expected that the United States will make a free gift of the Canal to the nations of the world. The most sensible course for all parties concerned seems to be to free the Panama Canal from dues in the same way in which in the last century, through America's initiative, the Danish Sound dues were abolished: to call an International Conference and arrange for the extinction of the Panama tolls by the payment of a lump sum, capitalizing the average income to be derived from the Canal. In this Great Britain might take the initiative. The cost of working and maintaining the Canal might perhaps be shared by the United States and the British Empire, which are most interested in the undertaking.

If Great Britain and the United States should share the cost of working the Canal and the responsibility of defending it, acting as the trustees of the world, the Canal could become neither a source of weakness to the United States nor a source of strife among Anglo-Saxon nations, as those hope who are not friendly to the Anglo-Saxons; instead it would become a gage of friendship of two great nations, a connecting-link between the British Empire and the United States, and a monument of Anglo-Saxon unity. The proposed transaction might prove an important step towards that Anglo-Saxon reunion which will be the best guarantee for the peace and progress of the world.

J. Ellis Barker.

IRELAND ON THE EVE OF HOME RULE.

"Eight hundred cases of shooting within the last three years: twenty-one of them fatal. I assure you it is true. Me own father was shot at."

The speaker was typical of the Englishry of the Pale, a Protestant landlord of County Dublin, sixty, athletic, florid, and bald. He addressed me with conviction, as much as to say: "This settles it." He was choosing flies for me to fish a lough which he said he had known for years, pressing the things upon me as a gift, throwing in some casts, profusely hospitable. He had been out all day over some of the wildest country in Connemara attended by a Catholic gillie, and was recommending me to take my pleasure in similar fashion on the morrow, to confide my life and belongings to the goodwill of countrymen whom he regarded as murderers at large.

"Was your father shot at within the last three years?" I ventured to ask. "Ah, no. I didn't intend to convey that." And the whole story fell to pieces disintegrating in company with its attesting incident. "Arms!" he began again, "I assure you every cabin has its concealed gun or pistol." "But what would they do with the things? There is very little game, and what there is seems respected. Landlords and their agents are pretty nearly extinct over whole counties. Would it be the Protestants?" He hesitated. There were not twenty Protestants within ten miles. Not enough to go round. There is *no* anti-Protestant rancour out West; the vicar cycles the loneliest road smiling. I seemed to know too much. Moreover, twenty-one deaths for eight-hundred shots is indifferent marksman-ship. Yet he wanted to prove his thesis that the county was seething with revolution, so the guns were to be used

"when they got Home Rule." But why *then?* and upon *whom?* The subject fizzled out. It is thankless work cross-questioning a fine, courteous gentleman who is intent upon showing you sport. I suppose he really did believe what he was saying, or had believed it once. He did not act upon his belief, or suggest that I should take precautions. He would have scouted the idea, the very police have ceased to carry arms. "There are three March Browns and a pair Zulus for ye, very killing flies for brown trout. And, as I was saying, this Home Rule Bill is the greatest rot in the world! Nobody wants it. The people are sick to death of the word; they wouldn't have it as a gift, sir. They'd not be asking for it but for the agitators who terrorize them, sir. It is not needed. The whole country is as quiet as a July cuckoo. Absolutely no crime! What we *do* want is a few years of Walter Long, sir, strong, resolute government, such as they understand and appreciate. Wyndham did the country a deal of harm; whilst as for this Birrell . . . !" Words failed to express his contempt for Mr. Birrell. "Under Long, sir, we should be getting our rents again." (The old story!) His next remark revealed the abyss of antipathy existing between himself and his follow-countrymen, the New Ireland, which he simultaneously defamed and trusted. "Glorious rain this, sir! Worth millions to the country; will send the white trout up the rivers to-morrow if it only lasts." "But are not the people carrying their peat?" I asked, aware that at least half Ireland was saving its fuel under difficulties. "Aw, yaas, possibly." The idea was new, it didn't appeal to him. "Can't have it both ways, y'know," he added, with a glance at the sluicing downfall,

apparently under the impression that the three-and-a-half millions of Irishmen who burn peat would take a sporting view of things and altruistically enter into the feelings of the (possibly) two thousand who kill white trout.

I pondered. Eight hundred shootings mean an outrage a day for five days a week over three years. Then I remembered that there is no such thing as an Irish fact. The lurid imagination of the Loyalist sees lions within the skins of roadside asses. On the previous day a high dignitary of the Irish Church, traveling with an attendant chaplain, had assured me that the first Home Rule Parliament would take St. Patrick's Cathedral from the Protestants and hand it over to the Catholics. He admitted that such a proceeding would raise a storm out of all proportion to the value of the spoil, also that Redmond and his party are shrewd, far-seeing men; but he wished me to believe in the danger.

There you have them—the relics, the leavings of what was once a dominant aristocracy, decrepit now, bankrupt in statemanship and brains, ruined by its bigotry and want of foresight. So loyal, that it is going (so it says) to rise in arms against its king and his laws (such of them as it doesn't like), so divorced from the facts of its environment that it keeps on relating the same old incompatible tarradiddles, assuring you in the same breath that the country is seething with sedition, yet absolutely peaceful; armed to the teeth, yet thinking of nothing save the newly-found prosperity; abhorring the very words "Home Rule," yet awaiting, finger on trigger, the opportunity to shoot; crimeless, yet always, day in, day out, committing ineffective attempts to murder. Oh, my brothers, wheresoever light and leading may be, they are certainly not with you! But let no man say that the comic Irishman is extinct.

What one sees for oneself is evidence, especially if one can compare it with conditions noted forty, thirty, twenty, or even ten years back. I have lost count of my journeys in Ireland. I was there in 1870, and many times since. There is no county that I have not visited, nor any class—peer, priest, publican, peasant, doctor, magistrate, merchant, agent, lieutenant of constabulary—that I have not conversed with. I have lived for three weeks in the house of a Gombbeenman, and have sat at meat with the squire in his vast ramshackle castle, and with the little tenant beside the peats. I have watched rent collected over a loaded rifle (a quite needless brutality, the aggressor's Protestant neighbors detested him for his barbarity); his English servants admitted to me that he was wholly in the wrong; his fellows upon the Grand Jury refused to credit his stories of outrage, and would award him no compensation. That was twenty-six years since. He is gone, and the district he bullied, which was as quiet as Berkshire at the time, is still quiet. Last month I saw a New Ireland. In the counties controlled by the Congested Districts Board, an area steadily increasing and already comprising from a third to a half of Ireland, the change is visible and even startling. In the old days, or even ten years since, one was unconscious of the density of the population, for cabins of stone, roofed with weathered thatch, are indistinguishable from the rocky hillsides upon which they are built. Lime-wash has changed all this. The new houses—no longer cabins, if you please, and the English visitor should bear the change in nomenclature in mind—the new C.D.B. dwellings, I say, stand out with startling distinctness, brilliantly white in their novel cleanliness. From miles away at sea one detects them: at each turn of the road they confront you, substantially

built upon suitable sites, lime-washed within and without twice a year, roofed with slates, floored with cement. Their windows are sashed, they can be opened and closed at will; they actually admit light! Compare these homes with the hovels of the districts not yet "taken over," the cabins of western Achill, built higgledy-piggledy upon any site however unsuitable, thatched with half-thrashed barley-straw sprouting greenly (I have seen a man cutting the crop upon his roof with a sickle), uncleanly without and dark within, for the tiny fixture pane seems difficult to keep bright—or whole; it is frequently stopped with paper. Worst of all, the beast was, and is still in many cases, an inmate. I have seen the pig "answer the door;" I have found the calf before the fire, and one half of the bed-living-room hurdled-off for the cow. The Congested District Board won't stand this. It draws the line at fowls, those domestic pets of the western Irish; the pig and the cow must be kept elsewhere or the man will not be helped to build. Hence the new houses are clean. Rather bare, if you like, and comfortless from the standpoint of our English poor, but not so in the eyes of women who have never worn shoes save on Sundays. One point in their favor is that all is in use, there is no spick-and-span front room reserved for pretentious stuffiness. Of course, carpets are undreamt of. What would the thing be for, at all? And what would she be making it out of? Every thread of wool that her man clips from his sheep she spins into strong yarn (I watched her at it), and hands over to the village weaver to weave into cloth for her man and "flannen" for her girls and herself. Here the sex-touch is felt. Manus will stand no hint of color about him. The wool must be natural, he gives a trifle more for a black sheep to vary the monotony of his brownish-grey, but his cloth shall not be

dipped. Boiling dissipates the yolk of the wool, the natural grease which so well resists wet. He tells you that dyes rot the yarn. But the wife must have color. Her frock is blue (synthetic indigo?), her petticoat a noble red (synthetic madder?). She gets the "powders" at the shop, where also she buys the ugly clothes with which she 'dizens herself on Sunday: the brown shoes, the stockings, and the blouse, alas! in which her soul secretly glories. You cannot get her to sit for you in her working dress. Her under-skirt is of the whitest of her clip, undyed. All are clean and a delight to the eye. Also the children are clean and well-fed. It is a handsome, well-grown race. For some reason these Connaught Irish, bred upon some of the poorest soil in the British Islands, are a finer race than you shall find in half our English counties—in Berkshire, for instance, or Cornwall. The men are not only tall, but broad, and bear themselves well; the women, active and comely. Sexual immorality is almost unknown. Let us give to the priest his due, for this is his doing. If one encounters a miserable object he, or she, will probably be elderly, a result of the lean years, a famine-child. Nor are these handsome, strapping folk survivals of the fittest, no doubt the weaklings do die off, but there seem few weaklings. The local doctor told me that the families average eight, and that the infant mortality for the first year was under one per cent. Their mothers nurse them; they keep a cow; the children get plenty of milk, also eggs. That seems the secret of it.

Quite visibly from over a large part of western Ireland the landlord has gone. His agent, his gamekeeper, over-looker, bog-watcher, and the rest have gone too. That frightful state of things which we are bidden to fear, when Ireland shall rule herself, has already come silently and gradually in

the far West. A large part of Connaught is a homogeneous Catholic population governed according to Irish ideas, and patiently expecting the next instalment of self-government. There are still landlords who, from one cause or another, have retained their land. Some are willing to sell, and have intimated their wishes to the Congested Districts Board. It is hoped that before the close of this year money will be forthcoming. Their cases present no difficulties. But there are other landowners who hang on, refusing to sell. Their contention, as stated to me, is this: "Why should I take less than my estate is worth?—Valuation?—That is all very well, but to accept what 'The Board' would set it at would lose me half what my father (or grandfather) gave for the place!" The extortionate ante-1879 rents are still regarded by these wrong-headed folk as indicating the real value of their estates. The Land Court reductions they inveigh against as Radical tyranny. "Look at my tenant, Jemmy Gallagher," said one of these gentry to me. "They reduced his rent by half; and him with three daughters in America sending him money every month! Shameful!" Said another: "If ever we get a firm Government again they will pay the old rents easily." "And if we don't?" I asked. "Then, sooner or later, there will be trouble, and those who are holding out will have to accept the valuation." Which means that they will eventually take a price based upon what the land can produce, irrespective of daughters in America, and the country will be rid of a race who squatted upon the soil a century or two centuries ago, and have shot the grouse, and killed the salmon, and hunted the fox, and graciously condescended to build themselves enormous barracks of country-houses about three times too large for their needs, or their means, but who

have never planted, or drained, or improved, or done anything such as an English landlord considers as in his day's work. These are the self-styled Loyalists; the men who, in one or two cases, are holding-up thousands of acres unproductively, hanging on, awaiting the return of "Walter Long" and his (very problematical) soldiery, bailiffs, and battering-rams, and all the paraphernalia for collecting six-pennorth of rent at an expense of thirty shillings to you and me. The man who puts forward this plea does so somewhat half-heartedly, he suspects that his English listener knows almost as much about it as he does himself. He feels out of touch, not only with the United Kingdom, but with three-and-a-half of the four provinces, and with a very large and growing minority of the Orange moiety of Ulster. Still, he pitches his incredible tales of outrage and talks the talk of a bygone generation. One is sorry for him and for those who have to do with him. He is often a pleasant, hospitable fellow, but quite impracticable, nor is there the least chance of the "Board" helping him out of his land at anything above its economic value.

Meanwhile, it is complained that casual labor is hard to obtain. Which means no more than when almost every man has his holding it is not easy to get temporary help at *your* busy time which is also *his*. This is hardly a grievance, but tells against the establishment of industries for which everybody out West is crying. A factory cannot be run upon the terms that its hands shall knock off to save kelp in May, carry peat in June, and lift potatoes in July; and this is precisely what "hands" would be after. Industries, when they do return, will probably strike root in towns where there is some surplus labor. But it must be recognized that steady, regular, punctual labor *for another man*, is

not a Western man's strong point. This may come another day. There are the beginnings. The Lace Schools of the Board are more than hopeful; they turn out beautiful stuff and it sells. Sea-fishing has caught on. The boats and nets provided by "the Board" (a different Board this, I fancy) are not quite so carefully kept as those which the Manxman and Lowestoft man provides for himself, but are used productively. The lobster-pots are still made upon an ancient and inferior pattern, and their owners have not yet learnt that there is money in big crabs; still, a good deal is doing. It is largely a question of organization and means of transport.

It must not be supposed that everything is as it should be in New Ireland. Institutions may change, habits don't. The poor resources of a people abominably misgoverned for centuries are not to be laid aside in a day. Despite pledge-taking priests and the wearing of shamrock temperance badges, Ireland still spends annually a preposterous sum upon that which profiteth not. The small country towns are heavily over-licensed. A Surveyor of Excise told me of a little place where there is a license for every six souls, children included.

Illicit distilling is far from extinct. Some of the outlying islands, where it flourished six years ago, are now lying derelict. The men who had learned to depend upon the manufacture of potheen threw up their holdings when systematically raided by the police. But, if they could not feed their grass, nobody else should. The sheep put on by a local butcher were taken ashore by night and turned loose upon the mainland. Nobody was punished. I think the victim, who was not much of a victim after all, did not care to pursue the matter. Meanwhile, returned American-Irish have introduced the distillation of molasses. The raw ma-

terial is got into the district as "feeding-treacle for cattle." The resultant spirit is doctored with blue-stone to give it a bite, and is simply an irritant poison of the worst kind. Those who drink it cease to care for anything milder, and the shopkeeper is at his wits' end to satisfy a morbid craving for stuff which he dare not keep. This vice is strictly local. So is the lawless condition which, for some unexplained reason, persists in County Clare. The fact is obvious that with comparatively unimportant exceptions, Ireland *outside Belfast and the Protestant districts adjacent*, is practically free from crimes of violence. This can be verified by reference to the charges of the judges on circuit.

That the improvement is more than temporary may be hoped from the regularity with which the C.D. Board loans are being repaid. The same population, which set its wits to defraud the landlords who exploited it, cheerfully submits to the restrictions as to sub-division, &c., imposed by an authority which it feels is sympathetic and domestic. He who humbugged or defied his landlord had the countryside behind him; anybody who tried it on with the Board (who does?) would assuredly have his neighbors against him. Here is a novel condition—a law which is respected. Hope lies this way.

One finds little or no enthusiasm for Home Rule. An open-air public meeting addressed by priests and local M.P.'s was fairly attended, but the speakers were rather feebly cheered. The whole affair seemed perfunctory. Loose asses roamed through the crowd braying. A market-woman would not move her stall. Both annoyances were tolerated. It had been done before. The police did not show up. There was no opposition. The speaking was good and the statements reasonable. Success was assumed as certain and near.

The landlords point to this apathy with glee, attribute it to reaction, and so forth. But a population which has listened to little else than Home Rule oratory for forty years may possibly find the thing somewhat stale. It still believes, and hopes, and returns a solid phalanx of Home Rulers to St. Stephens, but it doesn't talk much about it. The politics which really

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touch it are local. "Will he be selling to the Board at last?" All the same, if the cup now so close to Ireland's lips were rudely withdrawn I would not answer for the consequences. They are quiet because they believe they have won. What good will it do them? What good does self-government do us?

Ashton Hilliers.

THE STAYING GUEST.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "The Severina," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

Della knew Jem well enough to see that he was angry, but she could do nothing there and then to set herself right with him. When she asked him to come to Helm Close before Monday he refused, and when she said something about seeing him in London next week he answered evasively, and spoke of being rushed with work. Yet Christabel had said he meant to take them to the theatre every night, and Della supposed that Lydia would be taken too. He must see now that Lydia was not to be sacrificed to Mr. Popplestone and she could not understand why he should carry on a quarrel. He was behaving rather badly, and she met his change of manner with a composure that acted like a fall of temperature on ground slightly frozen. The coolness between them hardened.

"I wonder why Mr. Popplestone is going abroad so suddenly," Lydia said, breaking the preoccupied silence in which Della and she had travelled several miles.

"It's like an epidemic, isn't it?" said Della, coming out of her thoughts with an effort. "I had no idea this morning that Mrs. Audley had such a plan ready. She said nothing of it yesterday."

"Really!" said Lydia, and if she had

said "You lie!" she could not have expressed her disbelief more offensively. Della heard the suspicion in the girl's tone, but took no notice of it. She had come across the same kind of thing before and had been shocked by it.

"Mr. Popplestone is a man of surprises," she said, coming back to Lydia's first remark. "At least I have been mistaken in him."

"Have you?"

"Yes."

The car swept smoothly on and was near Wray'side before either girl spoke again. Then Lydia said:

"I wonder what you expected of him?"

Della hesitated, and then decided to speak:

"Till yesterday I thought we expected the same thing," she said.

"Everything seems to have happened since yesterday," said Lydia.

"It was an eventful day," admitted Della, "I confess that week after week I have thought that Mr. Popplestone came to Helm Close to see you."

"How odd!" cried Lydia. "From the first I saw plainly that he lifted his eyes to you."

"It is most unfortunate," began Della uncomfortably.

"It is, rather," said Lydia. "But it

has been very kind of you to keep me at Helm Close all these weeks because you thought there was a chance for me. No wonder you did not see what Mr. Popplestone meant. The man must be a fool to think you would look at him."

This was so true, and yet, as Lydia put it, so detestable, that Della tried to defend herself: a mistaken thing to do with a wounded antagonist as feline as her present companion.

"You can never be sure about people," she said. "We all have different likes and dislikes. Mr. Popplestone is young and well off and estimable."

"That is what I said to myself when I discovered his intentions. He is very tiresome and disagreeable, but he has money, and I suppose what one calls solid merit. He is good enough for some one rather inferior, but not for you. I hope you made him feel that. I think you must have done. He was more disagreeable than ever on the way home—poor man!"

"Let us talk of something pleasanter," said Della impatiently, but Lydia did not respond. Her brow was lowering and her lips sulkily closed until they reached home.

If men and women were all good or all bad their stories would be more exciting and easier to tell. If Mr. Butler could be presented to you as a grey but knightly hero, Della as a suffering saint, and Lydia as a little devil, anything might happen, and this simple narrative would be like one of those marvellous knitting balls German mothers wind for their children. At every turn there would be a surprise. Lydia would at any rate try to murder Della, and till the last chapter but one you would think she had succeeded. She would marry Mr. Butler directly Della disappeared, and she would then either murder him in order to marry Jem or be unmasked as a bigamist before she had done away with Mr. But-

ler. Indeed, there are no end to the ingenious and entertaining moves your pawns may make if you have faith enough. But, unfortunately, Della, Lydia, and Mr. Butler were all three everyday people, like you and me. Lydia had so little spirit or resource that she never even thought of murdering any one. She just sat at the dinner table and looked cross and sulked. Mr. Butler babbled about the Admiral and his plans and his gardens, which would go to pieces in his absence: and Della made the unpleasant discovery that, though you have a clear conscience, some one greedy and unscrupulous may induce you to feel like a sinner.

"I'm very sorry you're not coming with us," Mr. Butler said, beaming at Lydia, "but it isn't our trip this time, though we are going in my car. We mustn't lose sight of you, though; you must stand out for good long holidays, and come here for them. It seems no time since you arrived in that snow-storm, and here we are nearly at the end of April. How time flies!"

But the atmosphere was not harmonious, and even Mr. Butler perceived that something was wrong. After dinner Della went into the drawing-room with Lydia for a few minutes, and then slipped away to the library to speak to her uncle. She found him deep in Bae-deker.

"I'm glad you are looking forward to it so much," she said. "I hope it will be pleasant."

"At first I wouldn't hear of it" said Mr. Butler, putting down his book, "didn't want the bother, and then there's little Lydia—didn't want to shove her into the cold again—but Audley made such a point of it—for his own sake I was quite surprised and touched—and, as he says, you've never been anywhere much yet—and as Mrs. Audley's looking after Lydia . . . I'm very fond of a journey myself . . .

especially nowadays, when you can take your car and be comfortable. But I thought little Lydia was down in the mouth at dinner, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," said Della, honestly. "I'm afraid she is sorry to go. But I don't see how it can be helped, Uncle Charles. We never wanted her to make a permanent home with us, did we?"

"That's as you please," said Mr. Butler; "There is plenty of room for a little girl like that, and she is not in my way. On the contrary."

"I think we must leave things as they are settled," said Della. "Mrs. Audley is taking her to London on Monday, and will look after her."

"Well . . ." said Mr. Butler, undecidedly, and plunged into his Baedeker again.

The next two days were strained, but uneventful. Della did not second her uncle's invitation to Lydia to return for the holidays, and Lydia by her aggrieved and miserable air showed as plainly as possible that she resented being sent away. Her attitude was outrageous, and Della knew it. For nearly two months they had entertained her with every circumstance of kindness and hospitality, and now she behaved as if they were her debtors and stopped payment. Against her reason and against her will Della felt the hours pass slowly; dragging towards a sentence of banishment she had cruelly pronounced. If she had been a weaker woman she would have rescinded it; and she felt sure that Mr. Butler wanted to once or twice after being in Lydia's company. He feared the poor child was not happy, he said; he wished she could have come with them; he hoped she would come straight back if she felt inclined; and so on, and so on. But he agreed with Della that the Audleys must not be disappointed, and that they would not like a stranger added to their party.

It was true, moreover, that they meant to be back in a month or six weeks, and that the question of entertaining Lydia again could be reconsidered then if she had not found her feet. Della was thankful when Monday morning came; and it was not till then, as she sat at breakfast with Lydia, that she asked her rather shyly if she needed money for the journey.

"I have money, thank you," she said icily; and as she bid good-bye all her thanks, her half-tearful smiles, and her glances of affection and regret were addressed to her host. When she shook hands with his niece her eyes were turned away, and Della understood that she was not forgiven.

"I hope she has money enough," she said to Mr. Butler, as they went back into the house together. "I offered her some, but . . ."

"Oh! that's all right," said Mr. Butler easily, "I've been giving her money, you know. The poor child had none. Yesterday I gave her a cheque for fifty pounds, so she'll get on till we come back, and I have made her promise to write."

Della's uncle was a rich man, and he could do as he pleased with his money, and it was right that Lydia, who had been their guest, should be provided against want while they were away. The fact that they had let her drift on with them in idleness gave her some claim. Yet to hear so casually that Lydia had been taking money from her uncle affected Della unpleasantly. It was of a piece with the rest. Lydia did and said things that offended Della's taste and aroused her distrust. However, she had gone now, and if Della could prevent it she should not come back again.

The four days before Mr. Butler and Della started were busy ones. When the train left Hawksmere both uncle and niece felt sure that they had a day of rest before them, and when they

met the Audleys at the Warrington they said that they were ready for a theatre. Della was disappointed to hear that Jem would not join them either at dinner, or later. In the course of conversation, Mrs. Audley explained why. They had seen a great deal of him all the week. He had dined and been to the play with them every night, and he had been most kind and energetic in helping Lydia. He had heard that a married friend and colleague living at Wimbledon wanted some one to teach his children, and Jem had actually made time to take Lydia there one afternoon and introduce her to the Grahams. They engaged her at once, and she had gone to them this evening. As she seemed rather helpless about finding her way Jem had gone with her, and had said he would probably stay to dinner at Wimbledon.

Della was glad to hear that Lydia had found a home so quickly, and said so. She did not say even to Mrs. Audley that a girl who had knocked about Europe for seven years could probably have got from London to Wimbledon without an escort. She saw that Mrs. Audley only half liked the whole situation, had not in the least expected it, and had not been able to alter it. So here was Lydia more or less amongst them still, at any rate established with Jem's friends and likely to meet him. For Jem often went to Wimbledon, his mother said.

"Miss Jordan will always fall on her feet," Mrs. Audley concluded. "She is the kind of young person who gets on in the world—by hook or by crook."

"On the whole—do you like her?" said Della.

"No," said Mrs. Audley with a little laugh. "On the whole, I don't. She is very pretty and clever and she has a sort of charm—at least, all men seem to think so. She was purring round the Admiral directly, and I believe he thinks

she has been treated rather badly. But I told you once before, I don't like the corners of her beautiful red mouth—they're greedy. They justified themselves when we went shopping together. She wanted everything she saw and was sour with envy of Christabel, who hasn't an ounce of greed or envy in her, bless the child."

Then Della told Mrs. Audley about the considerable sums of money that Mr. Butler had been giving his guest, and Mrs. Audley opened her eyes.

"It isn't nice," she said; "I wondered how she could spend money as she did and dress as she did."

"Well, we shall probably never see her again," said Della, speaking from her hopes and not from her certainties. "Uncle Charles has asked her to come and stay with us, but he may forget about it and I shall not jog his memory."

For eight weeks after this little occurred to remind either Mr. Butler or Della of Lydia's existence. She wrote short formal letters to Mrs. Audley and Della and a long, gushing one to Mr. Butler. If you had read them you would have thought she owed a great deal to the man and less than nothing to the ladies. Della set her down as one of those women who can feel neither respect nor affection for other women, but only expansive and sentimental attachments to men. Then she made up her mind to think no more about her, and every stage of their enchanting spun-out journey helped her. They went first to the Italian Lakes and came back through Switzerland and the Black Forest. Here Della's German became useful and gave them courage to leave the beaten track and stay in quiet German inns where the cosmopolitan rabble found in big hotels does not foregather. They took the car through the long valleys of the Forest when it was in great beauty, and they stopped in little old-world

towns where tumbling houses of cobble stones and oil lamps swung on iron chains across the streets showed them yesterday's Germany, which is passing so quickly from us. Della's companions were good-humored and easily pleased. The chauffeur was the only person who grumbled because the foreign rule of the road upset him, and because he met so many idiots in kitchens and courtyards who could not understand English. But on the whole the journey did all that had been expected of it and lasted a fortnight longer than had been planned. The Admiral looked better than he had done for years, and Mr. Butler seemed to have nothing heavier on his mind than his bedding plants. The two ladies agreed that it was a real holiday not to know what was coming for dinner or even sometimes when dinner was coming. They were lucky, too, in having no disturbing news from home. Christabel wrote that in her opinion life in a German flat was rotten, but she supposed she must stick to it for the present. Her letters began to have German expressions in them that Della said she must have picked up from lieber August, as his mother and aunt would consider them highly unrefined. Mary wrote of her engagement to Mr. Dalrymple and of the arrangements for her marriage. From Helm Close there were letters from Martha relating episodes of the "thorough clean," and lately one from the head gardener to Mr. Butler assuring him that the bedders were sitting up. At the end of eight weeks the little party alighted at the Warrington again, glad to have been away and glad to come back. Jem knew of their arrival and had written to say that he would turn up for lunch next day. Della looked forward confidently and happily to meeting him on the old terms of affectionate friendship. She had a good deal of shopping to do in a short time, so next

day it was after a busy morning that she was in her bedroom getting ready for lunch when Mrs. Audley knocked and came in.

"Am I late?" said Della; "Uncle Charles won't be with us for lunch. I've had a wire from him. He has met some old friend. I shall be ready directly. Has Jem come?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Audley, "he came some time ago. He is talking to his father."

There was something in Mrs. Audley's voice that arrested Della's attention—something flat and leaden that proclaimed bad news. She turned suddenly and saw that Mrs. Audley's face bore all the traces of recent agitation and distress.

"Is anything wrong?" cried Della. "Uncle Charles——"

"No—no," said Mrs. Audley, "nothing like that. It is Jem. For the first time he has disappointed us."

"What has he been doing?"

"Getting engaged——"

Instantly Della knew; and wondered why she had been dull enough to wait till now before she knew. She turned back to the glass, because her instinct was to hide her face. As she looked in the glass she saw that the shock of the news had made its way already, and was affecting her color and the intensity of surprise and disapproval in her eyes.

"What does the Admiral say?" she asked.

"You guess who it is, then?"

"I know who it is."

"But had you any suspicion, Della? Surely not. We both had a different fear."

"I had no suspicion certainly, and yet I knew at once."

"What is to be done?"

"What can be done? I suppose Jem is his own master."

"Yes. But how can the boy be so stupid? That little minx! I don't like

it at all, Delia. When you remember her at the Gibbottles running about with Algy . . . and now it is Jem. He wants to bring her to dinner to-night."

"From Wimbledon?"

"He says it can be managed . . . if he wires after lunch . . . they seem to have arranged it together."

"You and the Admiral have given your consent then?"

"It hasn't been asked. You know Jem's way. He was delighted to see us back and looking well, and he had a bit of news for us. He was engaged to Lydia Jordan, and there would be two weddings in the family this year. He hopes we shall be nice to her, and ask her to Applethwaite: but she is getting on pretty well at Wimbledon."

"Surely he recognizes that it is not a marriage to rejoice you."

"He doesn't admit it."

Delia looked at herself again in the glass. She was ready now; ready to go downstairs and meet Jem who had once loved her and now loved Lydia Jordan. So he was a turncoat. Jem! of all people in the world. How had it come about?

"How am I to congratulate him?" she said aloud. "I feel just as you do, Mrs. Audley, and I feel to blame."

"I don't know why you should feel that, my dear," said Mrs. Audley.

"I brought her to England. I wish I had left her in Berlin."

"I'm very unhappy about it," owned Mrs. Audley. "I don't care a bit about her being poor and all that . . . but I don't like her. She isn't the wife for Jem. He is going to work to his utmost strength as he gets on . . . he sees it coming himself . . . and when a man of his kind marries a selfish extravagant wife . . . oh, dear . . . why are clever men such fools? Now, Francis, who hasn't a brain in his head compared with Jem, will never mess up his life like that."

Their descent in the lift prevented

Delia from replying, and when they alighted in the hall the Admiral and Jem came forward to receive them. Delia tried to greet the young man naturally, but against her will her manner was constrained and formal.

"Has my mother told you my news?" he said, as they went in to lunch.

"Yes," said she; "my best wishes."

There was an absence of congratulation in her voice that offended Jem. For the first time he thought he understood some of Lydia's charges against Delia, wild charges of hardness, conceit, and jealousy. He had been surprised and puzzled to find that Lydia had no affection for the younger girl, but only bitter dislike. He reasoned that the bewitching creature must have some grounds for her resentment, and as he was bewitched he did not find them in the clash that is bound to arise between an oblique nature and a candid one. He thought Delia had probably been unkind and that she had no wide charity for a nature differently grained and nursed from her own. As they sat at lunch, Lydia's name was not mentioned, and this reticence also angered him. But after lunch, Mrs. Audley said miserably to Delia:

"He is wiring for her. I suppose we must get it over. What can we do? We can't argue with Jem."

"Uncle Charles and I will dine somewhere else to-night then," said Delia, "You had better be by yourselves."

"On no account," said Mrs. Audley. "We are all to dine with Jem at the Ritz. Don't desert us, Delia."

CHAPTER XVI.

Delia could not say whether she hated it more or less than Mrs. Audley. If she did not want to marry Jem herself his marriage ought not to matter as much to her as it did to his mother. But who can measure heart-ache? To see Jem make a supreme mistake must be misery to every one who loved him:

to his own people and to his friends. The thought of the marriage was a nightmare and Della could not wake from it. When Mr. Butler heard of it he showed surprise but no disapproval. He told the Admiral he would have a charming daughter-in-law and said it would be delightful to see little Lydia in a position she would adorn. For Jem's sake Della thought it just as well that one of the party would arrive at the Ritz in this state of mind.

They got there punctually and were kept waiting in the lounge for Jem and Lydia. When they appeared she went straight up to the Audleys and seemed at first not to see Della. Evidently it was her hour; the hour of her triumphant return. She proclaimed it in her self complacent smile and sparkling eyes. Her manner to Jem's parents was not touched by doubt; she seemed to know they were helpless but should be treated prettily. To Mr. Butler she offered both her hands and while he held them she sent Della a little nod and observed that she was sunburnt. She walked into dinner with the Admiral before the other ladies. At dinner she sat between Jem and his father. She was wonderfully dressed. Della had never seen any one in such a gown, and she recognized that there was skill and cunning in it. She no more liked it than a wooly white lamb with a plain coat and plain tastes could be expected to like the skin of a serpent. She considered it too stagey and preferred her own white net over white chiffon. But Della in spite of her opinions felt the influence of the gown, and so did everyone else at the table. It pretended to be white, but was shot as an opal is with gleams of green and crimson, and it clung to Lydia's soft, supple body in long lines. In her hair she wore a diamond butterfly and on the third finger of her left hand she wore a diamond ring. Della guessed that these jewels were presents from

Jem and that her uncle had had the honor of paying for the gown. She thought the time could hardly have come yet for Jem to afford diamond butterflies, but she reminded herself that Jem's affairs could never again be her business.

Towards the end of dinner the talk turned on weddings, led there by the band that played a wedding march in honor of two minor royalties married that day. Jem asked when Mary would be married and where.

"Where!" cried Mrs. Audley. "From Applethwaite, of course."

"But country people are often married in London," said Jem, and a discussion ensued of town versus country weddings. No one but Jem had a word to say for the town. Lydia said nothing at all. After dinner when they sat in the lounge for a time she manoeuvred to sit with Mr. Butler a little way off from the others and she put out all her arts to please him. They were not going to the play to-night, but Lydia was to sleep at the Warrington, and she went back there with Mr. Butler in a taxi-cab. Jem put them into it and returned to Harley street, while Della was in a cab with the Admiral and Mrs. Audley.

"She certainly is pretty," said the Admiral.

"Pretty expensive," said his wife.

"But I don't like her voice."

"What's wrong with her voice? I know, but you may as well define it."

"It's smooth—and common."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Audley, "and a voice is so much."

Della looked out of the cab window at the flashing lights and the pageant of the city. She felt tired and out of spirits. Next day when she went down to breakfast she found that her uncle and Lydia were both down before her and half way through their meal. Lydia said that she had to get back to Wimbledon by an early train.

"I shall be so glad to pack up my trunks and bid good-bye there," she said with a sidelong glance at Della. "Dr. Graham is quite nice, but his wife is an old frump. I wonder why clever men often marry such dull women."

"Are you not staying on there?" said Della, with her eyes on the menu.

"Not for long. Jem would not wish it. Besides, now that Mary's wedding is to take place so soon—I am going to that, of course."

"Oh! are you?" said Della.

She put down the menu, gave an order for fish and coffee, and then, turning to Lydia, discovered that for some unknown reason she looked furious.

"A wedding is a family event, and I belong to Jem's family now," she purred. "Mrs. Audley says that they mean to ask everyone, though, so I suppose you will be there?"

"Probably," said Della.

"When is Mary to be married?" Mr. Butler broke in. "We ought to be thinking of wedding presents, Della. Mary must have the best we can find. End of July, did you say? And here we are near the end of June already. You must talk to Mrs. Graham at once, Lydia, and come as soon as you can. I'm sure you'll agree with me, Della, that Lydia is to come to us till she is married, and she is to be married from Helm Close. We settled that just before you came down. I can't imagine why I didn't think of it last night when we were talking of weddings. It is the most natural plan, as all her friends seem to be abroad—and you'll like a wedding in the house, I know, Della. Women generally like a wedding better than men, but we have to put up with them. I always said when I was a young man that if I married I'd run away—with my bride. I mean, not from her—and escape the fuss. But you shall have all the fuss you want, little Lydia—at Helm Close."

The news of Jem's engagement had

hardly affected Della more disagreeably than this forecast of Lydia's plans communicated in her uncle's haphazard way. She was leaving Wimbledon, she was coming to stay with them again, and she was actually to be married from Helm Close. When had all this been arranged, and was it with Jem's knowledge and approval?

"You will be a long way from Harley-street when you are at Helm Close," she said to Lydia. She would not add words of welcome that were not genuine and which Lydia would know were wrested from her by circumstances. The time had gone by when she could entertain the girl without fervor but with a half-compassionate tolerance. Her indifference had given place to dislike, and she was never in Lydia's company now without being jarred.

"I shall have enough of Harley-street soon," said Lydia with an affected little sigh. "Jem wants to be married in August and get back to his work in September, I believe—and there are no gardens in Harley-street, Mr. Butler. How shall I exist without a garden?"

"You'll have two in future," said Mr. Butler gallantly, "one at Applethwaite and one at Helm Close. Jem will have to let you run down to us now and then for a breath of air."

Lydia consulted a tiny jewelled watch, one of her former possessions, and said that she must be gone. As she got up the Admiral and Mrs. Audley appeared, and there was a moment of greeting and good-bye. Mrs. Audley was kind but not cordial, her husband was monosyllabic. They both looked more troubled than Della had ever seen them.

"A charming girl," said Mr. Butler; "so adroit, so accomplished, so good-humored. I congratulate Jem, I really do."

No one responded much. The Admiral gave a little grunt of disapproval,

and his wife, looking at Della, saw that something was amiss. But it was not till they were by themselves after breakfast that Della told her what had happened.

"Uncle Charles has asked her to stay at Helm Close till she marries Jem and to be married from there," she said, and there was a vibration in her voice that betrayed more than she knew to Jem's mother. Mrs. Audley had always hoped that her favorite son would bring Della home to them.

"You don't want that?" she said.

"I never want to see her again. I ought not to say so to you, I suppose. She has just reminded me that she belongs to your family now, and asked me if I should be at Mary's wedding."

"The minx!" said Mrs. Audley; "how Jem can! But I'll tell him to keep her away from Helm Close, and as for her being married from there—we'll see. She is not going to have it all her own way."

But none of them knew Lydia yet: least of all did Jem know her. She did not like her life at Wimbledon. The household was hard working and short of money. Hours were early and regular, food plain, and pleasures—Lydia would have said there were no pleasures. Mrs. Graham was a person who enjoyed Milton's poetry or a walk on the heath with her children. She made her pleasures instead of buying them. The eight or nine weeks Lydia had spent there would have seemed interminable if they had not held the promise of Jem's courtship and its fulfilment. The Grahams had added to her triumph by showing the strongest disapproval from beginning to end. They were attached to Jem, and in three days had taken Lydia's measure. She was lazy in the performance of her duties, vain, and not quite truthful Mrs. Graham said. Dr. Graham was not as severe as his wife, but agreed that she was not the right sort for

Jem. They would have been confirmed in all they thought and said if they could have heard her describe their household to Mr. Butler after dinner at the Ritz. She was underpaid, underfed, overworked, and contemptuously treated there she said, and easily extracted the vague general invitation to Helm Close that she made quite definite before she went to bed that night. The idea of being married from Mr. Butler's house she had kept to herself till next morning, and then presented it so deftly that he took it for his own. As he said, there was really nowhere else for her to be married from and she had seen that clearly long before Jem proposed.

She did not return to Wimbledon till the shops were shut. She paid a hurried and perfunctory visit to the invalid cousin at Shepherd's Bush, but most of the day she spent among clothes, choosing and ordering to her heart's content. She was not going to Helm Close this time as Mrs. Gilbottle's cast-off governess. She meant to hold her own with them all, and clothes would help her. Some she paid for, some she bought where she was known and could get credit. The firm that had made her evening gown would make her any number more now that she was to marry the son of Admiral Audley, and marry him from Helm Close. In their great showrooms the hours flew, and it was nearly nine o'clock before she had climbed Wimbledon Hill and reached the Grahams' little house. She knew that she ought to have gone back in the morning because Mrs. Graham had arranged to be out all day, but she did not care if her defection led to a rupture. She was, however, not prepared to have the door opened by Jem, who looked absurdly grave and anxious.

"What has happened?" he said.

"Thousands of things," she began volubly, "but I shall have no time to

tell you about them. I must see to the children at once, you know. I didn't expect you to-night, Jem, and Mrs. Graham is out. . . ."

"Mrs. Graham isn't out. She could not go because you failed her. Where have you been?"

"With poor cousin Henrietta."

"But Lydia . . . you had promised to be back early."

"Yes, I know I did, and I hurried away before the others had finished breakfast, and then when I got to the Oxford Circus Tube it came into my head that I'd just dash round to Henrietta and get back here before Mrs. Graham started. She had given me till lunch time and you know how quick the Tubes are."

"You seem to have struck a slow one," said Jem, who had gone with her into the empty dining-room for a moment.

"My dear man . . . if you'd seen Henrietta . . . with no servant and no fire and no food and acute bronchitis."

"Does she live alone, then? I thought there were two of them."

"One has gone to Berlin," said Lydia thinking it safest to keep to the same haven for any one she wanted out of her way. She really had a cousin Henrietta, and Henrietta had a sister Julia, and both ladies supported themselves by teaching and lived in a small poor house at Shepherd's Bush. Henrietta had been at home that morning and Julia had not. There had been no servant in the house because the sisters could not afford to keep one, and Henrietta had complained as usual of a bronchial catarrh that seemed to afflict her all the year round. So Lydia's narrative was an ingenious and convincing compound of fact and fiction. As she told it she nearly believed it herself.

"Poor Henrietta," she said, "I hope I did right, Jem. I've never nursed

bronchitis. My only idea was one mustard poultice after another as hot and big and quick as I could make them."

"A sensible doctor would have been a better idea," said Jem. "Do you mean to say you left the poor thing like that . . . alone with bronchitis and poultices."

"Of course not, darling. That's why I'm so late. I had to run off to a distant part of Bayswater, and get some one else, a niece, to come and take care of her. The niece is called Julia. Then I went to a Registry Office and got her an obliger."

"A what?"

"An obliger . . . some one who goes out 'obliging' people, but won't take a regular place. Poor Henrietta! I can't think what would have happened if I had not turned up. Wasn't it lucky, Jem?"

"For her . . . not for Mrs. Graham. I'm afraid she is thoroughly annoyed, Lydia, and it isn't right. As long as you're here, you know, you ought to play the game."

"Well . . . it isn't for long."

"What isn't for long?"

"My being here . . . in service."

"What an expression, Lydia!"

"I call a spade a spade. I hate being here and I'll go to-morrow, if they like."

"My dear . . . where will you go?"

"To Helm Close. Mr. Butler has asked me to stay there till I am married."

"Has he?" said Jem rather surprised.

"And to be married from his house."

"Oh!"

"Isn't it sweet of him?"

"What did Delia say?"

"Looked glum. But after all, it's his house, isn't it Jem?"

"Oh! it's his house, no doubt, but I don't want you to go there yet. How are we to meet if you are at Helm Close and I am in Harley-street? We have seen so little of each other, Lydia,

known each other for such a short time."

But three days later Lydia arrived at Helm Close again, and a coolness had arisen between Jem and his old friends the Grahams. Lydia assured Jem that Mrs. Graham had dismissed her as if she had been a servant in disgrace, and the Grahams found it impossible to tell him that his future wife had behaved as the wrong kind of servant does—meeting deserved rebuke with gross impertinence. Mrs. Graham's temper had human limits and Lydia knew exactly how to reach beyond them. There had been an unpleasant scene, and without informing Jem she had left Wimbledon next day. She slept two nights at Shepherd's Bush because she wanted another full day's shopping; and then she went back to Hawksmere in the best of spirits. She had never given Jem her cousin's address nor did she allow him to come and see her at Shepherd's Bush. The first he knew of her departure was told him in a long cajoling letter that he received the day she travelled down. She had telegraphed to Mr. Butler to ask if she might come.

"I suppose there is no difficulty," Mr. Butler had said to Delia showing her the message; "there is plenty of room."

"Yes," said Delia, "there is plenty of room."

"I couldn't very well answer anything but what I did."

"What have you answered?"

"Delighted. Meet you Hawksmere. Wire train. What else could one answer, eh?"

"It is a month to Mary's wedding and Jem talks of a month later for his own. Does she propose to stay here eight weeks?"

Mr. Butler was sitting at his writing table and he slewed round a little on his revolving chair to talk to his niece when she came in. She had never told him that she did not like Lydia or that

she preferred not to have her for a guest. Reticence in such a case was easier to her than outspokenness. She had never discussed her personal likes and dislikes with her uncle—or, indeed, with any one, except Mrs. Audley and Mary, and with them not often or over long. But her uncle gathered now that something was amiss.

"Perhaps she ought to have telegraphed to you?" he suggested.

"She wouldn't know that, and it doesn't matter . . . but are we to have her here all the summer . . . till her marriage?"

"Well, why not? There is plenty of room and the poor child has no home. Probably the Audleys will want her at Applethwaite part of the time."

"I don't think so. You know how difficult the Admiral is about visitors. I thought Jem wished her to stay on at Wimbledon so that he could see her."

"I suppose he has changed his mind. She was not comfortable or well treated you know."

Delia felt sore and angry, but she could do nothing. Life, all of a sudden, looked like a game of chess, and every fresh move placed her at a disadvantage. Lydia's engagement to Jem made it impossible to ignore her completely. She would belong to Applethwaite in future, and meanwhile Mr. Butler had given her the run of Helm Close. If she had been a girl of delicate scruple she would not have come there, considering the cloud of anger in which she had left, but it evidently suited her to forgive and forget. When she arrived she ran quickly up the hall stairs, and before Delia could prevent it kissed her. Then she turned to Mr. Butler and took his hands in a sizzle of delight at being there again. Her delight was quite genuine, too, and so was her affectionate liking for her host. He felt her charm and had no eyes for her shortcomings, and that pleased her. But she was no longer the

little storm-driven bird he had warmed and sheltered months ago; she was no longer here on sufferance and poverty stricken. She came back, her manners and her clothes proclaimed it, as Della's equal, the betrothed wife of a man Della might have married. She was beautifully dressed and in the highest spirits, and in two minutes Mr. Butler was her slave again. He bubbled over with welcome just as she did with smiles and chatter, while Della stood aside feeling rather stiff and frozen. She could not believe that Lydia's kiss expressed affection. As much as she dared Lydia ignored her, and always now when she addressed Della there was behind her voice and eyes the slight air of derision that smacked of victory. When she came down to dinner that night she wore the same gown she had worn at the Ritz, the one of opal colors, but in her hair, instead of diamonds, she had put some roses that Mr. Butler must have given her. They had been in the garden together for a short time directly after tea.

"I suppose Mary is busy with her trousseau," said Lydia as the two girls waited in the drawing-room for Mr. Butler. Dinner had been announced.

"Yes, she is," said Della.

"What is she going to be married in?"

"White satin."

"She has no taste. None of them know how to dress. I wonder if they'll let me help them."

"Probably not," said Della, and then Mr. Butler came in . . . before Della had recovered from the consummate impudence of it. Even if it was true it was impudent.

"Lydia is delighted to be in the count-
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try again," said Mr. Butler, as they sat down to dinner. "She says she is tired of bricks and mortar."

"Yes," said Lydia, "I have told Jem we must have a week-end cottage and get a breath of air every Saturday-Monday. It would be so good for him . . . somewhere on the Thames where we shouldn't be dull. I like Sunday on the Thames. You see all the actors and actresses with their paint off . . . and the sort of people Punch calls the Oofy Goldbergs . . . and every one else . . . it would be such fun and take Jem's mind off his everlasting cases. He thinks of his cases out of hours, and that's fatal."

"Fatal to whom?" asked Della.

"To my future comfort," answered Lydia, instantly.

"Does Jem like the idea?" said Mr. Butler.

"Not yet, but he will. He says it would be expensive. I tell him that what you want is never expensive."

Della listened rather miserably. Jem in a Thames-side cottage! Jem on a crowded river staring at theatre people and Oofy Goldbergs! . . . Jem who hardly found the high wastes of his own fells as solitary as his spirit loved when it sought rest and strength and the joy of the open air. But she could do nothing—could not even say anything she felt instinctively. Lydia with all her mental and bodily suppleness was not open to impressions that would interfere with her own desires. She could adapt herself quickly and easily to her surroundings when she wanted to, but she would never adapt herself to the ideals that were as second nature to both Della and Jem.

(To be continued.)

THE GENIUS OF PASTEUR.

It is pitiful how this word *genius* has suffered on its travels through mankind. To see such a word at the mercy of loose talkers, is to be reminded of Christian and Faithful in Vanity Fair. The meaning of their names, and the sound of their voice, were lost in a place like that. The populace neither understood them, nor was content to leave them alone: they were maltreated by fools, who at last put them in a dungeon and left them there. So it is with all words of a contemplative character: they are roughly handled by ignorant folk who will neither think them out nor do without them. Among these martyr-words, none has experienced worse abuse than *genius*—or, to call it by its right name, *Genius*. Seeing what upstart words adorn themselves nowadays with capital letters, we must not refuse to *Genius* this mark of distinction: for it is one of a highly connected family, all of them mentioned in the "Who's Who" of words living or lately deceased. *Genius loci*, for example, is a fine conception: any word might well be proud of belonging to the old faith that places may somehow be inspired, may have more than ourselves in them, and may address themselves to us. It is true that rural deities and local nymphs are not true: still, this pagan creed outworn, that there is a personal influence in this or that bit of the country, this or that home, has its advantages over the childish definition of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Infinite or finite, all capacities must come from somewhere: and genius is where they come from.

Perhaps, to restore this word on its throne, we must look away from definitions, and look at facts. There have been men and women of genius: they are rare, but there have been some.

There was Pasteur. By what sign, or signs, do we know, past all doubt, that he was a man of genius?

It is a sign of genius, if the work of a man's life obeys and fulfils a plan which seems to have been made not by him but for him: if all the good in him is orderly brought out, as a conductor brings out every instrument in the orchestra: if we cannot so much as look at him without an immediate and irresistible sense that he was all of him design, none of him chance; that he was an idea worked out, a program got through. Once we think what Pasteur did with his life, we see that genius had its designs on him. The man himself is a better argument from design than any amount of Paley's Evidences. For he is taken, in the straight course of his work, up every rung of the scale of creation, from inorganic matter to man: and he only left off there, because man is the top rung of the ladder. Physics, inorganic chemistry, organic chemistry, ferments, diseases of wines and beers, diseases of silkworms, diseases of poultry and sheep and cattle and swine, diseases of man—up he went, his genius directing every step, from the discovery of molecular dissymmetry to the discovery of the protective treatment against rabies. As the embryo, advancing toward birth, dreams its way through lower types, experimenting with ducts and gills and tail, and then discarding them, yet, after birth, still bears the impress of these experiments, so Pasteur thought his way up through creation. He began with mathematics, which is where creation begins: and he lived to hear of the first few thousands of children saved with diphtheria-antitoxin.

But there is another sign of genius. In the abiding power, the continuing

output of a man's work, after he is dead. Pasteur died more than sixteen years ago, September 28, 1895. The example of his life shines on us, and his memory is one of the world's treasures. Such purity, loving-kindness, and humility, were daily in him, such passionate reverence for facts, such faith, laborious patience, and self-judgment. The sound of his name is like music: and his epitaph was written, long ago, in the saying that the righteous and the wise and their works are in the hand of God. That is to say, their works are still going on, still making themselves useful, here and now, on earth. Men to-day are advancing them along new lines, adapting them to fresh purposes, raising them to higher levels, and carrying them to logical consequences. That is just what it is for a man's work to be "in the hand of God;" it must be there, to be here: if it were not there, it would be nowhere. The man dies, but the genius of a man's work, or the work of a man of genius, whichever we prefer to call it,

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,

as Pope says, putting the whole case into the nutshell of a couplet. So Pasteur's work, like Newton's and Darwin's—"up to heaven, all three"—lives and moves to-day through the world's affairs, turning them this way and that.

Sixty-four years ago, as it were to begin with, he made out the molecular dissymmetry of certain crystalline substances, and we have it, on the authority of Dr. Tutton and Professor Frankland, that by this discovery, when he was only twenty-six, he founded "one of the most wonderful departments of modern chemistry." His line of argument in 1848 has been "fully vindicated and substantiated," and is followed, at the present time, in the quest for

new synthetic products. Then came the next item on the program. In his work on the dissymmetry of crystals, he had chosen, for especial study, tartaric acid and its salts. Science, pure unapplied science, was all that he was thinking of, when he chose this one group of substances. Behold, he had chosen, blindfold, a grape-acid, a by-product of fermentation, a deposit of wine-casks, a commercial article. By this choice he was taken straight, like a man keeping an appointment, into the kingdom of the ferments. Once he got there, his genius turned him loose on the whole world-wide business of brewing and wine-making; and, with him and his microscope came the end of the old haphazard John-Barleycorn ways. If it were possible to write the history of alcoholic drinks, there would be Noah, and there would be Pasteur; the one planted a vineyard, the other used a microscope: Noah happened by chance on the making of "national beverages," Pasteur taught the nations to be scientific over the making of them. He revolutionized this colossal industry; the genius of his work is active today in every brewery. His lectures to the vinegar-makers of Orleans are a classic, and his great book on wines and beers is the "Novum Organon" of brewing. So it always is with him; all that he touches turns to gold—to other men's gold.

But, early in his work on the ferments, he was led from increasing the world's wealth to improving the world's health. It is fifty-five years since he read to the Lille Scientific Society his paper on lactic acid fermentation, the ordinary "turning" of milk; and the news, that milk turns sour because germs turn it sour, reached Lister, and was interpreted by him. If milk in a jug were blood in a vein, then the souring of a pint of milk would be a case of acute blood-poisoning. The milk has been infected, it has been

wounded with those non-sterilized germ-laden instruments, the feet of a fly: the *bacillus lactis* has been introduced into its system—even a jug of milk may have a system. Fifty-five years ago, this household fact was a discovery, and more than a discovery; it was the very making of the germ-theory, and of modern surgery; and Lister, all his life, gave thanks for Pasteur's guidance. From 1857 onward, the two discoverers were drawing nearer to each other, till their methods were not two but one method, no more separable than the convexity and the concavity of a curve. In 1865, Pasteur began his five years' work on the infective diseases of silkworms: he took it in hand against his inclinations, and he carried it through, and brought back prosperity to the silk trade: he turned away loss from the cultivators, and starvation from the workers—*O Melibæ, deus nobis hæc otia fecit, Namque erit ille mihi semper deus*—and he won for himself insight into the facts of wound-infection. By 1875 he was demonstrating, in the Paris hospitals, the aseptic method. He, who was not a doctor, and had to screw up his courage to go round a hospital, and was made sick by the sight of an examination of the dead body, he was teaching the surgeons; he was declaring, with a few words and a sketch on the blackboard, the nature of puerperal fever; and the old learning began to pale its ineffectual fire, now that his genius was lighting the ways of practice.

Next to Lister and Pasteur, among the makers of modern surgery, comes Koch. His book on the infective diseases of wounds spread the new learning in Germany: besides, it was he who introduced the use of gelatin for the growing of germs in pure culture, and extended the use of Weigert's discovery, that germs can be stained with aniline dyes. Till the bacteriologists had these two methods, they could not

go ahead; and Koch's earlier work, on wound-infections, is no less important than his later work on tubercle and malaria. By 1880, the genius of Pasteur had recreated, in every civilized country, the study of the infective diseases. *Novus rerum nascitur ordo*: the world, at last, was understanding its own infections: they were made visible under the microscope, independent of any life but their own. Here, under a man's eyes, in a man's hands, were the *contagia viva* the *materies morbi*, the *particulare virus*—good-bye to these vague Latinities—here they were, the living agents of a disease, the thing itself, the real offender, isolated from the body, corked up in a test-tube, flourishing on a surface of sterilized gelatin. That is the wonder of Pasteur's work.

Genius, when it makes its abode, none too often, in the family-circle of the medical sciences, makes its presence felt by very plain speaking; it surprises, and may even shock, these quiet sciences, by direct and vivid sentences, which break through accumulated theories like shafts of light through clouds, till they lift, and the sun comes out. So it is with Pasteur: his sayings have the simplicity of his genius, and the air is cleared at the touch of them. For example, his answer to a foolish critic, solemn over a question that was wholly unimportant—*Si vous saviez comme tout cela me'est égal*. Again, when he drew on the blackboard, in 1878, at the French Academy of Medicine, the germs of puerperal fever—*Tenez, voici sa figure*. For truth of teaching, for downright thrill of novelty, these four words are unsurpassable. There is the same note of simplicity in Koch's account, in 1882, of his discovery of the germs of Tubercle:

Henceforth, in our warfare against this fearful scourge of our race, we have to reckon not with a nameless something, but with a definite bodily foe, whose conditions of life are for

the most part already known, and can be further studied. *Before all things, we must shut off the sources of infection, so far as it is possible for man to do this.*

Thirteen years later, in 1895, in Roux's famous paper in the *Agenda du Chimiste*, the same note:

See how far we have come, from the old metaphysical idea about virulence, to these microbes which we can turn this or that way—*stuff so plastic that a man can work on it, and fashion it to his liking.*

These three golden sayings mark the three lines of advance in the fight against the infective diseases: and every medical student ought to know them by heart. Also, he ought to know the chief episodes of the long warfare, the dates of the decisive battles and the names of the victorious generals. As Romanes wrote "Darwin and After Darwin," so we ought to have "Pasteur and After Pasteur." This delightful book would begin at 1857, with the isolating of the *bacillus lactis*. Three years later, Pasteur was making his final experiments, above Chamonix, on the exclusion of germs from putrescible fluids; and Lister, not yet gone from Glasgow to Edinburgh, was sterilizing cotton-wool dressings by heat. Three years more bring us to 1863, the date of Davaine's finding the germs of anthrax (splenic fever, malignant pustule, wool-sorter's disease). Before Davaine, men of science had seen these germs, and had imagined that they were some sort of "blood-crystals"; Davaine recognized them for what they are. Anthrax, henceforth, began to be properly understood. From 1865 to 1870, Pasteur was working in Paris on ferments, and at Alais on the diseases of silkworms *pébrine* and *flâcherie*; the final proof of his success over these diseases was in the results obtained at Villa Vicentina in 1870, just before the Franco-German War. Lister, during these five years, 1865-1870, published

his first paper on the antiseptic treatment of compound fractures; made his experiments in 1867 with the carbollized silk ligature, and in 1868 with the carbollized catgut ligature; and, about 1870, introduced the use of antiseptic gauze.

Next came Schroeter and Weigert, bringing "honorable presents and of great value," as Ambroise Paré called his fees. Schroeter, in 1872, discovered that germs could be made to grow, in pure culture, on solid media, such as slices of potato: and Weigert, in 1875, discovered the use of aniline dyes for the differential staining of germs. The years between 1876 and 1880 are the time of Pasteur's work on fowl-cholera, puerperal fever, and osteomyelitis; Sternberg's work on tetanus; and Laveran's discovery of the germs of malaria.

In 1881, more argosies of science came home. Pasteur presented to the French Academy his memoir on the protective treatment against anthrax; Koch, during the International Medical Congress in London, showed to some English doctors the germs of tubercle; Lister, at this Congress, suggested that wound-infection is due rather to direct contact than to germs suspended in the air; and, over in Havana, Finlay inoculated himself and other volunteers with mosquito-borne yellow fever.

In 1883, Koch discovered the "comma-bacillus," the cause of Asiatic cholera; in 1884, the germs of diphtheria, typhoid fever, and tetanus were obtained in pure culture; in July 1885, Pasteur first used on a patient the protective treatment against rabies; in 1886, he first used the protective treatment against swine-erysipelas; in 1887, Bruce discovered the germs of Malta fever.

In 1890, Behring and Kitasato published their discovery that animals can be immunized, as against anthrax and

rabies, so against diphtheria and tetanus: really, there ought to be "National Thanksgivings" for discoveries of this magnitude. In the winter, in Berlin, came the grievous disappointment over the first use of tuberculin. Happily, at the present time, with the fuller knowledge which has been gained since 1890, the use of tuberculin is giving good results, in more ways than one.

Henceforth, the work so widened, that a mere list of the doings of the pathologists is of no value at all. In 1893, came the inestimable blessing of diphtheria-antitoxin, Haffkine's protective treatment against Asiatic cholera, and tetanus-antitoxin; in 1894 Yersin and Kitasato discovered the plague-bacillus; in 1895, Bruce's work of nagana (tsetse-fly disease of animals); in 1896, Wright's protective treatment against typhoid fever; in 1897, Haffkine's protective treatment against plague; in 1898, Ross's work on bird-malaria; in 1900, the self-experiments of Sambon and Low, Manson and Warren, and the volunteers during the American Commission in Havana: these self-experiments proved, for all time, the mosquito-theory of malaria and of yellow fever. But what is the good of this list? The story, to be told properly, requires not a list, but a book. In 1903, Bruce set to work on sleeping sickness (tsetse-fly disease in man, trypanosomiasis); in 1904-5 he traced the infection of Malta fever to the goats' milk. In 1907 came Flexner's work on epidemic meningitis, and in 1908 his antitoxin for that disease; in 1910, his work on epidemic infantile paralysis and Ehrlich's work on "606." Last year came the compulsory use, in the United States Army, of the protective treatment against typhoid fever: this year, in our own country, the compulsory notification of consumption.

All these life-saving discoveries, and many more, have been won for men

and animals, through Pasteur's work, and have been given to them, as it were, by his hands and on his advice. He treated mankind and the animal creation; he healed not cases, but nations; and the whole earth is his patient, enjoying, thanks to him, a marked improvement in its general health.

Take the rough, doubtless inaccurate, list of these discoveries. See how it illustrates the three golden sayings. 1. *Tenez, voici sa figure: There, that's what it's like.* The living agents of the disease are discovered in the blood and the tissues of a case of that disease: they are cultivated, outside the body, in pure culture, in test-tubes; and the disease is reproduced, in small animals, with this pure culture. The disease itself is bottled; is visible, under the microscope; take this or that aniline stain; has its likes and dislikes, its tendencies and habits; behaves in this or that way towards heat and cold, light and darkness, air and no air. 2. *We must shut off the sources of infection.* Illustrations of this saying are the notification of consumption, the testing of the milk-supply, the tuberculin-test for cattle, and the mallein-test for the diagnosis of glanders; the prohibition of goat's milk to our garrisons in Malta and Gibraltar the antiseptic and aseptic method of surgery; the Muzzling Act, and quarantine of dogs; the destruction of rats in time of plague; the bringing down of malaria and yellow fever by "anti-mosquito" methods; the bringing down of sleeping sickness—and so forth. 3. *Stuff so plastic that a man can work on it.* Not only can he bottle diseases, but he can standardize them, and prepare, from these standards, his antitoxins and vaccines. Illustrations here are diphtheria-antitoxin, tetanus-antitoxin, Flexner's serum-treatment of epidemic meningitis, Sclavo's serum-treatment of anthrax in man, Shiga's serum-treat-

ment of dysentery; the tuberculin-treatment in cases of consumption; the uses of vaccine-therapy; the protective treatments against rabies, cholera, typhoid fever, plague, rinderpest, distemper, anthrax in sheep and cattle, swine-erysipelas—and so forth.

See, by these instances, how the genius of Pasteur inspires all workers for the health of man and of animals. But, if we could look a hundred years ahead, will his kingdom endure? Will he still dominate medical and surgical practice, and preventive medicine, and State medicine?

The answer surely is, that Pasteur's work will abide, in authority, crowned and enthroned, till the day comes when a man shall be able to receive under his skin, without hurt, a needleful of the germs of tetanus, plague, or anthrax, in pure culture, at full virulence. There is no sign of that day's coming. Hitherto, the work is done along the lines which Pasteur laid down: it is the extension, not the dissolution, of his kingdom; not the death, but the development, of his teaching. *Il faut travailler*, he would say, again and

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again, toward the end of his life at the Institute. He was past work: it was that last summer, when they put a tent for him, in the grounds of the Institute, under the trees, and from time to time one of the younger men might go and talk to him. Last of all, he was moved to Villefranche where are the meadows and farms and stables for the animals used for preparing antitoxins; there he died; but where does his work not live? The fight against plague and cholera in India, rinderpest in the Transvaal, malaria and yellow fever in the Panama Zone, sleeping sickness in the Uganda Protectorate, is fought in his name. He made a way to the saving of hundreds of thousands of human lives. He made a way to the saving of sheep and cattle and horses and dogs and swine and poultry. Back, down the scale of creation, we go in thought, the way he came; and find everywhere the meaning of his life, till we are back at mathematics and physics, which he taught to the boys at the College of Besançon, when he was seventeen, for 300 francs a year and his board and lodging.

Stephen Paget

ENGLISH POETS AND THE SEA.*

M. Douady, who is a Professor at the University of Lyons, has set himself a difficult task and performed it with unflagging spirit. But the diverse ingenuities which he practises to make one chapter after another interesting prove, better than any dulness could, that he has chosen a subject that is no subject. Since England is an island, a Sea Power, and a home of poets, one might expect that her poets would be greatly concerned with the sea, that it would come into their verse as often as the mountains come into the pictures of

Titian and other Italian painters who lived in the shadow of the Alps. Professor Douady seems to begin at Beowulf with this expectation. Then he jumps to Chaucer still expectant, and then to Spenser and Shakespeare, more sanguine than ever; for between Chaucer and Spenser, as he explains in a clever chapter, the ocean had been discovered. He begins to show some embarrassment in his chapter on the sea in the seventeenth century, and when, he deals with Milton he can no longer conceal the straits in which he finds himself. He is reduced to a paraphrase of Milton's account of the third

* *La Mer et les Poètes Anglais*. By Jules Douady. (Hachette. 3f. 50c.)

day of Creation and to a translation of his description of the building of the Ark. By this time the dullest reader must be aware that English poets, so far, have no special concern with the sea. It comes into their poetry now and again, as it might come into the poetry of any nation; but it certainly does not surround their subjects with any persistent gleams and murmurs as it surrounds the shores of England. There is no English poet of high rank up to the time of the Romantic movement who writes of the sea as if it had played a large part in his experience. Shakespeare writes well of it, of course, in *The Tempest*, in *King Lear*, in *Pericles*; and he is said by experts to show nautical knowledge. But then he writes well of many things, and evidently had a great power of acquiring technical knowledge when he needed it for some dramatic purpose. We need not suppose because of the shipwreck in *The Tempest* that he had ever been a sailor; indeed, there are more legal than nautical images in his poetry, and he may well have seen the sea only once or twice in his life. For England, though an island, is a large one; and before the time of railways most of her inland poets must have seen the sea as seldom as our poets of to-day see the Alps. They knew of its existence and heard tell of its wonders; but they were not impelled to write of it as of the spring, or of love, or of death. The sea comes into *The Tempest*, as Venice comes into *Othello* or Verona into *Romeo and Juliet*, because it belongs to the story, not because Shakespeare wished to tell his own experiences of it.

After the Armada, of course, the sea began to sound in patriotic poetry, good and bad. It was no longer a terror but a defence; and M. Douady pokes a little fun at us for our prevailing belief that we are a nation especially favored by God because He has surrounded us with the sea. We defeated the Spanish

Armada, he says, not because the winds and waves fought for us, but because we were better seamen than the Spaniards; and he prefers, for its sentiment as well as for its execution, "Toll for the Brave" to "Rule, Britannia." Indeed, it is significant that the finest sea-song of the eighteenth century should have been written by a poet who had as little intercourse with the sea as any spinster in England, and about no triumph, but a sudden and capricious disaster.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

The pompous, official copy of verses tells us that Britannia rules the waves; but the poet, who cannot think or feel officially, is concerned for the price that Britannia has to pay. He is proud of his country, but weeps for the men who have died for her; and to him the sea is not an obedient servant of our destinies, but the old, treacherous, untamed monster. With a worse disaster still fresh in our minds we may, like M. Douady, prefer the sentiments of Cowper to the sentiments of Thomson and understand that they are expressed in better verse because they are more real.

M. Douady, in his determination to know all that can be known about his subject, has read Falconer's "Shipwreck," and even manages to make a lively chapter about it. Falconer was a sailor and himself lost his life in a shipwreck, but he did not manage to make poetry of his technical knowledge:—

Torn from their planks, the cracking
ring-bolts drew,
And gripes and lashings all asunder
flew;
Companion, binnacle, in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strew the
deck,

The balanced mizzen, rending to the head,
In fluttering fragments from its bolt-rope fled.

The landsman reading this is puzzled through his own ignorance; but it could not be poetry to the most accomplished sailor. It is merely prosaic knowledge displayed in verse; and a man can no more make poetry about the sea because he knows it well than he can make poetry about the kitchen for the same reason. Falconer might have written the better parts of his poem if he had never been to sea in his life; indeed, his technical knowledge is a hindrance to him, since it tempts him into detail incongruous with the generalizing style of his verse.

M. Donady remarks upon the contrast between the "Shipwreck" and "The Ancient Mariner," the one written by a sailor who had been shipwrecked himself, the other by a metaphysician, knowing nothing of ships or the sea, and yet the finest sea-poem in our literature. This contrast is enough to prove the point we wish to make, namely, that it is not particular experience of the sea which has produced fine sea-poetry, but rather a certain attitude towards the whole of nature, an attitude which was first expressed in the poetry of the Romantic movement. "The Ancient Mariner" is a great sea-poem, not merely because it is the story of a voyage, but because the sea is, as it were, one of the characters in it rather than a circumstance. So in a Chinese picture a tree is often a figure rather than a circumstance, and seems to be on equal terms with the human figures represented. In romantic poetry generally natural things are often on equal terms with human beings, and the life of nature seems as intense, and full of purpose as the life of man. This is not the pathetic fallacy except in rhetoric like Byron's no-

torious address to the ocean. The poet does not read his own feelings into nature; but he has ceased to regard the beauties of nature as ornaments to the life of man, and by means of this more disinterested view of nature he sees her more largely and feels her more intensely. Asking nothing of her, he gets more from her. Science with its detachment has passed into his imagination, and there, fusing with emotion, has made a new heaven and a new earth, and particularly a new sea. If some earlier poet, however great, had written "The Ancient Mariner" he would have made the sea only a terrible part of the machinery of the poem. It is that in *The Tempest*, except for the dirge so suddenly and strangely introduced, as if Shakespeare's mind had leapt forwards two hundred years into the Romantic movement and made a song so wonderful to himself that he could not but give it to the world. But in "The Ancient Mariner" the whole story suffers a sea change. That verse which carries the ship so far carries the reader's mind also into an unknown world:—

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

From that time onwards the poet's whole imagination is transformed as if he had travelled all his life upon the waters and whatever happens seems to be, like some music, a mood of the sea made articulate:—

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.
Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.
As for the water-snakes, they are the

life of the sea, almost capable of communicating its secret, and moving in beauty as children dance on the earth—

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

In a gloss Coleridge calls them God's creatures of the great calm, and the Mariner blessed them unaware, being moved by them as lonely eremites have been moved by the creatures of the wilderness.

In the "Ancient Mariner" we feel that the life of the sea continues all the while independent of the story, making a strange counterpoint with the life of the man who is lost upon it; and in other romantic poems sea and sky together make a world as empty of humanity as if man had never been created, and yet seeming to be conscious of themselves and their own beautiful process of being.

And when Sunset may breathe, from
the lit sea beneath,
Its ardor of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine æry
nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

There Shelley's cloud speaks like a cloud, not like a fanciful poet, and in one of the fine passages of "The Revolt of Islam" Cythna, who is never very human, seems to become a sea-bird as she stands upon a rock above the waves:—

My spirit moved upon the sea like wind
Which round some thymy cape will lag
and hover,
Though it can wake the still cloud, and
unbind
The strength of tempest: day was almost over,
When through the fading light I could
discover
A ship approaching—its white sails
were fed

With the north wind—its moving shade
did cover
The twilight deep.

Passages such as these, in which humanity seems diffused and almost lost in space, are the best part of "The Revolt of Islam" and of many romantic poems; and they express a real effort of the human mind, not systematic and consciously mystical as in the East, to escape from the prison of self and self-interest and to become one with Nature, like Adonais. In this effort there is a daring of the spirit which takes peculiar delight in the sea because of its danger and vastness. The sea is for it a symbol of the encircling mystery and freedom of infinity; and Shelley in his hunger for death speaks naturally of being driven,

Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest
given.

So too Matthew Arnold, brooding on the doubtful destiny of man, hopes for a possible freedom to come at last

As the pale waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-
wind

Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

M. Douady's last chapter is naturally on Swinburne, the one poet in whose verse the sea actually seems to sound and to make a music never heard in poetry before. His language often seems artificial, but his music is natural to a fault, being sometimes a music of mood rather than of sense. M. Douady calls him a visionary, and says that compared with him Shelley himself is lucid and explicit; for his thoughts, his images, his very language, have the recurrence and the uncertainty of troubled seas. Certainly Swinburne, when he writes of the sea at large, when he allows himself to be carried away by his mere delight in it,

is apt to be formless. The sea by itself is not enough subject matter for him. He needs some other theme interwoven with it, as in "At a Month's End," where the hearts of a man and a woman are revealed in sea-images as they walk by the sea and where sea music sounds in the human thought.

Full of cold clouds and moonbeams
drifted

And streaming storms and straying
fires,

Our souls in us were stirred and shifted
By doubts and dreams and foiled de-
sires.

Across, aslant, a scudding sea-mew
Swam, dipped, and dropped and
grazed the sea;

And one with me I could not dream
you;

And one with you I could not be.

To Swinburne the sea was not merely a splendid spectacle. It was more even than a symbol of the state of being that he desired. He drew strength and peace from it as a mystic draws them from communion with an unknown

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power. The sea reconciled him to life and gave him faith in it, whatever its issue might be, for it seemed to him that the glory of the visible world must have some correspondence in the invisible, as the material beauty of art is an expression of a high purpose in the mind of the artist. For him also, as for Shelley, the sea meant the great adventure of death, and the imagery in his lines on the death of his father is as natural as the music:

Four score years since, and come, but
one month more

The count were perfect of his mortal
score

Whose sail went seaward yesterday
from shore

To cross the last of many an unsailed
sea.

There romantic poetry has become classical, but with a new enrichment got from a new experience. Death itself has suffered a sea change in the mind of the poet, whose business was indeed with great waters and who bathed his spirit in them as he bathed his body.

OLD HOSKYNs.

As soon as his landlady's daughter had finished clearing away his supper, Old Hoskyns brought out the atlas and placed it on the table. (Everyone called him "Old Hoskyns" at the office, though he was only fifty-six—he much disliked it.) It had been his custom to do this for a good many years now. The action had indeed grown almost instinctive. But to-night, instead of at once sitting down and opening it as he usually did, he stared absent-mindedly before him for several seconds, and then slouched over to the window. The slush of a February evening made the street appear inexpressibly sordid. The reflection of the nearest lamp threw a sickly pallor over the gleaming

mud. A few people strode shivering along the pavement only to disappear like ghosts in the desolate gloom of Beatrice Road. The sky was overcast with the suggestion of fog, and the lights in the mean little houses opposite were slightly blurred.

Old Hoskyns stood at the window for some time. Suddenly he made an impatient gesture. "What a repulsive night!" he muttered to himself, as if he had only just noticed it, and turning round he went back into the middle of the room. It was one of those furnished apartments which have attained a certain individuality from the prolonged tenancy of one person. Its only gas-jet gave forth the poorest of lights,

and a shadowy vagueness half concealed the dowdy vulgarity of the chairs and the execrable oleographs upon the wall. All the same there was something distinctive and homely about the room. A bright fire was burning in the grate, and, in the feebleness of the gas, its reflection danced visibly upon the ceiling. In one corner an eight-shelved bookcase showed up the image of the fire upon its glass front. The books within constituted old Hoskyns' library. They were entirely books of travel, beginning with complete sets of Hakluyt and Purchas in thirty-two volumes, and ending with a book he had bought only last week by a man who had wandered into every country of the earth, from China to Peru, from Madagascar to the North Cape. A faint smell of tobacco permeated the room, and on the wide arm of a big chair drawn up against the grate there was a yellow can of tobacco, a box of matches, and a pipe. Upon the mantlepiece there rested a large photograph of Rio Harbor. Old Hoskyns stopped in front of this and examined it closely. All at once he became very agitated and began striding up and down the floor.

"Now, what really do I intend to do?" he said aloud. "To-morrow I ask Mr. Frank for a private interview. He'll think it's something about the accounts. He'll take me into his room; he'll say, 'Now Hoskyns, what is it?' I know him. That's when I've got to speak straight out. 'Mr. Frank, I have a great favor to ask of you. You are aware, sir, that I've been with you for thirty-seven years, and now, I thought—in fact, I have a favor to ask. It's like this, sir. Could you possibly let me leave you for a few months?' This is just where I mustn't lose my head—he'll begin looking at me in that way of his—I must go on at once. This is what I shall say: 'What I mean, sir,

is a temporary absence without salary. If only you would consent to keep my place open. The reason I want this holiday, Mr. Frank, is that I may travel. I know this must seem strange to you, sir, but it's what I've longed for all my life. And I've been thinking lately that I'm not getting any younger and that if I don't do it now I shall never do it. Well, Mr. Frank, you will forgive my speaking of this to you, sir? I am sure you will not misunderstand me.' And what will he say, how will he take it? Everything depends on that."

Suddenly he halted again in front of the photograph of Rio Harbor.

"That's one of the spots," he thought; "every morning a mist rises from the water, and in the cool, delicious air men with little bells walk about the streets selling new bread. Did I dream this, or is it true? It's as if it were quite familiar. There are long spurs of hill behind the town, up which the trams run. There must be villas there surrounded by tropical gardens. At sunrise you can see from the balcony the three hundred and sixty-five islands of the bay. Ships are moving in and out, and fishing boats, all leaning over, thread their course through the narrow passages. Life begins to wake, blue spirals of smoke reveal the dotted villas hidden amidst their gardens. Someone carries out coffee to you, and far away you hear the approaching cries of boys selling the early papers. And with the advancing heat of the day you leave the balcony. In the green recesses of the garden a pool of water is being fed by a running stream. A ray of sunlight strikes across the shadow of the bamboos, reveals the liquid depth of the pool, shows some curious fish hovering motionless half-way down like dragon-flies. A string of bubbles floats constantly to the surface and sails round and round. The tinkling water

has the drowsy and pensive murmur of profound rest. Unperceived, sleep overtakes you. A deep stillness reigns in the warm twilight of the grove. Slowly the day drags on towards its zenith and through the breathless hours of the afternoon. At sundown you go out once more on to the balcony. A breeze is stealing up from the ocean, very distinctly you hear the trams clanging down the hill. Darkness begins to spread over the limpid air, one by one lights appear, stars shine out. The dim mountains point to the sky, a vast country lies behind you full of forests, swamps, wild animals. Yes, it's not like a dream to me, it's like something I know."

He went over to his bookshelf and drew out a pamphlet issued by a steamship company.

"Let me see," he ruminated; "one sails from Southampton by Royal Mail. Why, it's only a matter of a few weeks! If I go second class it won't really be much. I'll work it out."

Long ago he had ringed all the necessary figures, and now he made again the calculation which he had already made so often. He smiled.

"Now let's look at the map," he said, and, stepping across to the table, he seated himself in front of the atlas, and opened it at South America. His elbows on the cloth, and the fingers of his two hands meeting on his forehead, he sat there minute after minute, poring over the intricacies of rivers, towns, provinces.

"This is where I want to go," he said, "here and here and here; and then down to Buenos Aires and up the western coast from Valparaiso to Panama. Then I cross the Isthmus and take a steamer to Jamaica, and from there to Cuba, and from there to Florida. I had better glance at that."

He began turning over the leaves. A double-paged map of the whole

world on Mercator's projection caught his eye and he stopped.

"There are hundreds of places I shall never be able to see," he pondered. "My goodness, if only I had the money! I shall never get East, never see Siam, Celebes, Burmah, I shall never touch Arabia. What was it that fellow said about Kerbela? An hour before dawn holy men emerge on to the platform of their mosques to pray. Their high, thin voices are wafted over the desert, and far out in the clear silence of the night the travelers hear them and rejoice. What a glorious image! And as for me, I shall never experience it! If I had money I should study this map and I should say, 'What's that tiny island in the South of the Indian Ocean—Minicoy? I'm off there next week.' I should simply go everywhere, to the well-known places and to the queer, inaccessible ones. I should go to the Inland Sea of Japan, to the Afghan frontier, to Siberia in the spring, where you see the forests stretching green along the horizon of the Steppes, to Tasmania, to Tunis, to East Africa, to Tongareva, which lies in the South seas—here it is, just marked—to Nicaragua, to Chicago, to Canada in winter where an unbroken stillness envelops the frozen lakes, to Malabar, to Egypt; I should go everywhere, see everything. How I hate being poor; how I loathe this road, these rooms, the office, the people I am always meeting."

He shoved back his chair and rose up heavily. "Money!" he muttered in a low voice with his blind eyes fixed upon the pattern of the carpet.

He began once more to walk up and down.

"How long can I ask for?" he thought; "or should I not mention any time at first? Perhaps it would be wiser to let the idea sink in. It depends on how he takes it, of course. It's just possible he may understand.

Suppose he gives me three months. I can't very well expect more. Then I shall go to Rio and stay there all the time. I've £180 in the bank. It won't allow of too much travelling. Besides, one wants to get to know something about the place, to feel it in one. It's no good landing for a couple of days or so, that only tantalizes. If I have six weeks there it'll be different. One can't live cheaply in Rio, all the books admit that."

The photograph on the mantelpiece again caught his eye. He remembered some words out of a pamphlet: "Travelers unite in presenting the palm for beauty to the prospect of Rio Harbor as witnessed from the hills above the city . . . a scene of romantic splendor unfolds itself." He nodded gravely as these words came into his mind, "a scene of romantic splendor," he echoed below his breath, "of romantic splendor," and walking across to the table, he closed his atlas and the steam-ship company's circular and replaced them on one of the shelves of his bookcase.

"Well, I must be getting to bed now," he said aloud; "I want to think over all this—no, I'll smoke a pipe first."

He sat down in the armchair and carefully filled the bowl, pressing in the tobacco with a stained, shaking finger. He lit it and, lying back, watched the smoke curling towards the ceiling.

"Yes, to-morrow decides all," he thought. The warmth of the fire gradually spread over him. He began to feel rosy and comfortable. "And no more 'Old Hoskyns' for me for some time," he mused. "Why I'll be in the tropics!—what'll they think of me then? It'll be 'Mr. Hoskyns this, Mr. Hoskyns that,' if I know them. What a lot of idiots!" He gazed down at the glowing coals. The fantastic outline of a face seemed to rest there, and all at once to change into the figure of a three-legged animal with blazing eyes.

"I'm getting sleepy and no mistake," said Old Hoskyns to himself; "I'll just take one peep out of doors and then to bed."

He yawned, stretched his arms, and got up. Then going over to the door he opened it and made his way along the dark passage to the entrance of the house. Turning the handle, he stood upon the threshold of the pavement. A gust of icy wind made him shiver. The whole gas-lit length of the street stretched on either side with all the insignificant dreariness of a poor London suburb on a winter night. Beatrice Road, that place of cheap lodgings, of starving respectability, of the hopeless underworld that absorbs the forgotten and the neglected, was plunged in silence. The futile despair of so many human failures had found its nightly release from the sorrows of a life of toil. In musty little back rooms they slept, the solitary, the vicious, the degraded, snoring loudly, their knees raised, their mouths open, uncared for, ridiculous, but freed for these hours at least from their own wretchedness. The idea of all these people flashed across old Hoskyns' brain.

"Some must be awake still," he thought, "lying there in the blackness to save candle-light—horrible people smelling of drink; withered, secret people without a friend in the world. And that's the class I belong to—what a fate!"

He closed the door and retraced his steps. Outside his room he found the candle which was always placed there for him. He climbed upstairs, weightily, laboriously, stopping every few steps to breathe. At length he gained his bedroom and entered. It was very small, with a sloping roof, and furnished in deal. He undressed, scrambled into bed, and blew out the candle. After a minute he sighed and turned over.

"This time to-morrow," he thought, "it'll all be settled one way or the other—bed's awfully cold to-night," and he drew his legs up under his chest.

Presently he fell asleep, and in his sleep he was conscious not so much of dreaming as of a curious sensation. He awoke, strangely moved. Day had not yet dawned.

"Was I asleep just now?" he asked himself. "Let me see, what was it? Yes, of course, about to-morrow. I've got to tell him quite straight out—yes, yes."

He lay there for a few minutes before dozing off again. He could hear it drizzling steadily outside. The step of a policeman passed underneath the window.

"Straight out—there you are, Mr. Frank," he mumbled. "Do you take my meaning, sir?—I've been your servant for a great many years, a—great—many—"

He said no more, for his eyes closed and he fell back into sleep.

When he awoke again it was time for him to rise. The day was such as the night before had been—cheerless, cold, saturated with damp. He awaited breakfast, trying to warm his hands at the new-lit fire.

"How goes the enemy?" he remarked of a sudden in the middle of his meal, in a voice of forced gaiety; and he produced his watch.

"By Jove, I must be off!" he cried aloud; "here, Maggle, bring my boots!"

Three minutes later he had joined the throng of flabby-looking men in city clothes who were all hurrying along in one direction. Old Hoskyns avoided entering into conversation with any of them, though he knew the majority from long years of traveling to and fro in the same compartments and of walking along the same half-mile of pavement. And he had exchanged the same remarks with some of them for

years, remarks that even on the first occasion had been without a grain of interest. He had always depised these men at heart, but latterly it had changed into hatred. Despicable slaves! *He* knew them—Smith the cashier to a firm of rice merchants; Belling, a bookkeeper in a publisher's office; that silly ass Bransdon, who had something to do with a patent medicine; Tilsden the bank clerk, and the rest—all slaves without an idea amongst them! It must be bred in the atmosphere of this foul Beatrice Road!

All at once everyone round him broke into a trot, and old Hoskyns followed their example. How humiliating it was to have to go through this every morning! Fancy elderly men in silk hats having to run along a dirty road to catch the 8.42! And it wasn't as if one of them got enough out of it to make life worth while! It was a mug's game, played by a lot of slaves! That was just about it!

Old Hoskyns entered his second-class carriage in the bitterest of moods. In an instant it had filled up as it always did. He sat down in a corner, drew out his paper, and started to read. He heard the beginning flow of the usual banal conversation, and he thought to himself, "I'm damned if I could have stood this much longer!"

"And 'ow's our friend, Mr. 'Oskyns, this morning?" said a grating voice.

It was Hamperly speaking, a hateful person if ever there was one, Hamperly, the man with the great thick neck and bloated stomach, who traveled in cutlery for some firm in Sheffield—how they could have a fellow like that to represent them was beyond him!

"I am all right, thank you," answered old Hoskyns in his most frigid tone, lowering his paper and glancing over the edge.

"I was just sayin' to these gentle-

men." continued Hamperly, "that the weather ain't what it might be."

"Really?" observed old Hoskyns.

"Think o' last year—now there was a fine Febr'y for you! D'yer mind 'ow warm it was—why, it was almost 'ot!"

Old Hoskyns nodded his head and pressed his lips tightly together. What a type! How could such people exist? And raising up his paper, he buried himself in it.

At the terminus they were disgorged into the customary surging crowd. Old Hoskyns elbowed his way through it, and out into the well-known street with its rows of dingy warehouses. An army of men in shirt-sleeves were unpacking boxes from carts and dragging them indoors. He had seen them doing this every morning for the last thirty years—time enough for a whole generation to have died out! They must all have changed in that space! It was astounding—they seemed the very same men! At any rate, they were nothing more or less than a pack of fools!

He passed on severely to his office, and entered. As soon as he had removed his cuffs and exchanged his rather worn black coat for one that was very much worn indeed, he set to work upon the morning's letters. So-and-so had sent his cheque at last. So-and-so wrote begging for another postponement before settling. So-and-so would call and explain something or other at 12.15. So-and-so had "never heard of such a thing" as the proposals contained in 'your Mr. Hoskyns' last letter.' So-and-so begged to state that in all his twenty years' experience he had not known trade in such a deplorable condition—the whole weary round had begun again. Old Hoskyns smiled grimly and opened his first ledger.

The day slowly wore on, as so many thousands of similar days had done. Several times old Hoskyns had been

called into the Director's room, and several times he had opened his mouth to ask for that interview from which he hoped so much, but each time his courage had failed him, and he had slunk out without making a sign. As evening approached, his heart began to beat faster. He kept licking the tip of his finger and running it over his lips. By now all the lights were on, and that last burst of activity, which is simply the prelude to departure, was in full swing throughout the office. Old Hoskyns was not a popular figure there, and he was aware of it. He was one of these solitary men who make no effort to ingratiate themselves. "He's rum, is old Hoskyns," was a comment that had been handed on in the office for years. He spoke seldom, and invariably with a sort of controlled exasperation. In the Director's room he was trusted in the same way as one trusts an absolutely accurate machine. As for having any ideas of his own—why, Hoskyns was about as dried up as a piece of stick, he hadn't a thought outside his work! That was just the kind of man that was so invaluable!

Old Hoskyns, peering through the half-open door of his little room, noticed that the clerks were closing up the books. He frowned slightly to himself, read carefully several letters that were awaiting his signature, and then, taking off his glasses, he wiped them and replaced them on his nose. A general shuffling of feet told him that he would soon be alone. Outside the door of the Director's room Mr. Frank Grindley's coat, hat, and umbrella were still hanging. Old Hoskyns had kept his eye on them all day. Getting down from his seat, he stood there in the doorway listening patiently. He was alone in the outer office, which seemed all at once enormously silent—just as though his was the solitary life in the vast emptiness of an uninhabited world. Not a sound issued from Mr.

Frank's room. But this wouldn't be for long! Soon he would hear him rise, preparatory to leaving—he must forestall that!

"I must remember what it is I have to say," he murmured hoarsely. And he crossed the office, knocked on the Director's door, and entered.

Mr. Frank Grindley was leaning back in his large chair, which was upholstered in claret-red leather. He was a man of forty-four, clean-shaven, fashionably dressed, competent. On seeing who it was that had entered he made an affable sign with his hand, and said, "Well, Hoskyns, what is it?—to do with the accounts, eh?"

Old Hoskyns cleared his throat, ran his finger over his dry lips, and suddenly blushed scarlet.

Mr. Frank considered him closely.

"Some difficulty?—eh, Hoskyns?"

"No, sir, no difficulty."

"Come, then, tell me what it is!"

"It's to do with myself, sir, if I may make so bold."

"Certainly, Hoskyns! I hope it's not that nephew of yours again."

"Oh, no, Mr. Frank! The fact is—you'll excuse me for speaking like this to you, sir—the fact of the matter is that there's a particular favor I wish to ask you."

"Well, well, Hoskyns, out with it!"

Old Hoskyns felt a sudden overwhelming wish to make some excuse and escape from the room. A slight trembling passed through his limbs, he emitted the words "hope of a lifetime," threw one terrific glimpse at the seated Mr. Grindley, and then relapsed into silence with his eyes on the floor.

"Are you unwell, Hoskyns?" said Mr. Grindley, rising to his feet.

The other made a frantic shake of dissent, took two short steps forward, and burst out in a torrent of language.

"It's very difficult for me to make myself plain to you, sir," he said, "but my request is so out of the usual that

I feel an embarrassment. I'm going to ask you something that I know you will consider extraordinary. Look here, Mr. Frank, I'm an old servant of the Company, and I've been a faithful servant. Yes, sir, I've worked here day in and day out for more years than I care to think of. I'm not by any means young now, Mr. Frank. I've begun to realize it lately. It's strange how long one clings to that idea. It's so hard to believe one's growing old. I used to say to myself, when I thought of this plan of mine, 'Don't hurry it—it'll keep; you've got all the future.' That's what I used to say, Mr. Frank. But years have been slipping away—I don't know how it is, exactly, but I suddenly see that that future of mine isn't there. Of course, I'm not meaning that I'm not good for many years more of work—as to that, I'm in my prime—but it's in regard to something different that I'm speaking. One has ideals in one's life, sir. I daresay it's odd that a man in my station should have them, but so it is. I've always had the same one—it's been my life in a way of speaking. It's taken the place of wife and children and everything else. I've cherished it, Mr. Frank, I've waited my opportunity, and now, sir——"

"But what are you driving at, man?" fairly shouted Mr. Grindley, "for God's sake, come to the point!"

Old Hoskyns swallowed convulsively and stammered "I ask you to grant me leave of absence in order that I may go to Rio de Janeiro. I don't want any salary while I'm away. That is my request, Mr. Frank."

Mr. Grindley slowly collapsed back into his chair. The utmost astonishment was written on his face.

"You—Rio de Janeiro?" he blurted in an incredulous voice.

"Yes, sir," answered the other, without meeting his gaze.

"My good Hoskyns, you take my

breath away! How on earth did you get hold of such a fancy?"

"It's not a fancy, sir. I've had a wish to travel there for many years."

"But what a singular thing!"

"You may be right, Mr. Frank; but the longing to travel is the strongest force in me. I mentioned Rio de Janeiro, because I know that any time I could get would be comparatively short, and that's the place I want to see most of all."

Mr. Grindley once more rose from his seat, and approached old Hoskyns.

"It strikes me that you have been overworking yourself lately," he said.

"No, Mr. Frank, I've only been brooding on this idea of mine."

"Now listen to me, Hoskyns. That idea of yours, as you call it, is all bunkum! I'm not saying this unkindly. You're a man that I have a great respect for. But you're not yourself, Hoskyns. You must have been reading some book or other. And that combined with your being a little run down—there you have it! Why, you'd be like a fish out of water in a place like Rio! The notion's absurd! But I'll tell you what'll put you on your legs again—a week at Margate. You'll laugh when you think of that plan of yours. I've been in Rio—my dear fellow, it's not the sort of spot you'd take to, not it. Now, Hoskyns, you pack up a bag when you reach home to-night, and catch the first train to Margate to-morrow morning. Don't think of coming back to the office for a week, and don't you bother your head again about Rio. My dear Hoskyns, if you only could see the place—it's as unlike anything you've ever set eyes on—well, I can't tell you how unlike it is. Good-night, Hoskyns, good-night; and don't let me hear any more of that old plan of yours," and slapping him in a friendly manner on the back, Mr. Frank Grindley walked over to the door.

"But, sir, but, Mr. Frank—oh sir, just wait one moment!"

The real despair in old Hoskyns' voice caused Mr. Grindley to turn. He noticed that his clerk was shaking all over.

"What's wrong with the old boy?" he thought. "Odd things these delusions. Hope he's not breaking up."

"Well, Hoskyns?" he said aloud.

"I—I don't think I can have made myself plain, sir."

"I think you did, Hoskyns."

"I mean about the holiday."

"That's all right, Hoskyns. I'm very glad that you should have this week. Don't bother to thank me. Between old friends, you know—" and without finishing, he hurriedly left the room.

"Wasn't going to humor him too much," he thought, as he went down the steps. "I'm sorry for him, but one has to be firm—his own good. I saw he wanted to drivel on about that ridiculous fancy of his—why he's got a regular bee in his bonnet! Silly old duffer!—wants to go to Rio, if you please! Phew! I was too cute, I cut him pretty short."

Old Hoskyns remained where he had been standing as though rooted to that exact spot. He heard Mr. Grindley's retreating steps on the stairs and the bang of the outer door, but he did not stir. He felt prostrated by a deep and mournful langour, as though some hand had extinguished the light that had shone within him for thirty years. All at once the recollection of Hamperly's large, heavy face passed across him. Instantaneously he was seized with anger. Were these indignities never to end? He was not going to allow it! And then he seemed to see the whole of Rio Harbor spreading warmly and softly at his feet.

"I am the most wretched of men," he whispered in a low voice.

He was conscious that his courage

had departed, not to return. He could never escape out of the rank of slaves, never taste the cup that had been so near his lips, never achieve the secret desire of his heart.

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Thrice he opened and shut his hands, and then, dragging himself along rather than walking, he made for the peg on which his hat and coat rested.

Richard Curle.

THE WAR AND THE CONCERT.

Events have marched from the formation of a Balkan League through mobilization to war with steady pace and an inevitable sequence. From the moment that the League was formed, the outcome might have been predicted. There is no place in such an association for the weaknesses, the prudences, the scruples which may cause a single Government to hesitate and compromise until the favorable moment for action is past. A nation cannot afford to seem timorous to its partners, and such a confederation moves to the assault with a social impetus, as a company of soldiers—the brave and the cowardly, the lethargic and the alert—rushes in step upon the bayonets. Each ally knew that the miracle of their consort might never be repeated, and acted with a sense that the hour of destiny had struck. If the same loyalty had inspired the Christian peoples of the East when first the Turks set foot in Europe, the history of half a continent might have been changed. What will be the course and duration of this struggle, no man can predict. The poverty of all the combatants must tend to shorten it, but in tenacity and endurance Turks and Bulgars at least are well matched. The diplomacy of the Powers, which seemed until the eleventh hour to be paralyzed by their chronic divisions and hypnotized by a fatal event, will have leisure to recover itself, and will discover motives enough to impose peace, and, with it, a solution. On the other hand, if a new society should begin to take shape in the

chaos, and fundamental change become inevitable, we must also expect that selfish appetites and rivalries will awaken to complicate and delay a peace. Such a war may continue for weeks or for months, and almost any issue is thinkable. It is possible that it may break Serbia and Greece, and result in stalemate between Bulgaria and Turkey. But a complete disaster for Turkey is not out of the question if the allies act promptly, and her total triumph is conceivable if the war should drag. We can be sure only of two things. The war will be bloody and cruel, and its regular operations will be aggravated by every variety of outrage and massacre. It can end only in some solution which will mean in fact the end of the direct rule of the Turks as a conquering race in Europe. Were the League to be totally defeated, the Concert could hardly impose less, for even in the hour of victory it is certain that Turkey's power of resistance will be weakened.

It would be a vain exercise to debate the ethical aspects of such a struggle as this. The question which party assumed the formal responsibility for war is purely academic. It is easy to warn the Balkan peoples, as M. Jaurès does with an impressive eloquence, that they have been the sport of financiers and princelings. It is easy to tell them that the event is more likely to turn to the profit of the two Eastern Empires than to their own advantage. The real justification for the war is the conviction which we

have just expressed, a conviction all but universal in Europe, that it can end only in an organic reconstruction of what to-day is Turkey-in-Europe. If that presage is sound, then the armies which are marching out to-day to undo, if fortune aids them, the disaster of Kossovo, are assured in advance of success. Their own arms may achieve what that fourteenth-century Balkan League failed to accomplish, and if defeat awaits them, the Concert under its own formalities and subterfuges must achieve what none of the Crusades could bring about. There is a Macedonian epigram which the outlaws of the Bulgarian bands would repeat to the persecuted peasants of the villages. "Better an end with horrors than horrors without an end." So rooted in the minds of all the Balkan peoples is the terror and resentment of all the cruelty and degradation which Turkish rule has brought to the Peninsula, that this maxim probably reflects the genuine feeling of every soldier in the allied ranks, of every decimated family at home, of the peasants who await liberation with apprehension and hope, of the young men in Macedonia who are digging up their smuggled rifles and preparing to skirmish in the van of the advancing armies. The people of Macedonia are ready to face the risks of liberation, and among the free peoples of the League the memory of the past is still vivid enough to justify a Quixotic war. The democracies of Europe, which have trained themselves, under the spectacle of Moroccan and Tripolitan expeditions, to think of every war as an immoral invention of financiers and politicians, lack the experience to judge of such a war as this. One may pronounce a war immoral for any concrete gain of territory and trade or for any abstract delusion of honor and the balance of power. But a sharp violence to end a long oppression, a brief carn-

age to check recurring massacre, belong to a different category, as physical pain and torture differ from financial loss or diminished prestige. All that part of mankind which is uninfluenced by the highest form of Christian ethics judges violence to be not only excusable but laudable when it is used to end another violence as gross and more permanent. Turkish rule in Europe has been a continual state of war. We are content to leave the ethical judgments to the peoples involved. They know, as their comfortable critics do not, how far the end with horrors is preferable to horrors without an end.

It is, to our thinking, the diplomacy of the Powers, rather than the militancy of the League, which stands in the dock before civilized opinion. This war was made at the Congress of Berlin. When Disraeli insisted on tearing up the Treaty of San Stefano, and handing back a Macedonia which Russia had liberated to the direct rule of the Turks, he imposed on the future one or other of two duties—a second war of liberation, or else effective reform. It is the war which has come, and it has come because reform was always tardy and never effective. For twenty years the Concert took no steps whatever. It then fumbled and played with the futilities of the Mürzsteg scheme. At the Turkish revolution, it resigned its task. It delayed to resume it again, long after every competent spectator was satisfied that the Turks had failed. Its more recent responsibility dates from its omission of any attempt to check or to end the Italian brigandage in Tripoli. Could we but place ourselves at a little distance from the events, we should not hesitate to declare that it was the Roman Cabinet which precipitated the present war. It gave a standing invitation to the Balkan States to take up arms. It made reform by the Turks a moral impossibility. It demonstrated alike to the

Balkan peoples, who might have hoped for a Concert, and to the Turks, who might have feared it, that no Concert at all existed. The realization that there is no Europe was a license to the Turks to oppose without let or hindrance, and an intimation to the Balkan peoples that, if the oppression were to be ended, they must rely upon themselves. One statesman in Europe, at least, perceived the danger. Count Berchtold had the merit to propose that the Concert should resume its work on lines of "decentralization." His initiative found no response, and, while we recognize that it was feebly pressed, and that his formula was ludicrously vague, his place before the judgment of history will so far be more enviable than that of any of his colleagues.

It is hardly necessary to consider at length the reasons for the failure of the next phase of intervention which M. Sazonoff and M. Poincaré contrived between them. It came too late, and its formulae were too empty to arrest the allies, whose mobilization was all but complete. Its failure would have been no less certain, even if Montenegro had not actually declared war some hours before the Note was presented to the allies. It was well that the Powers should announce that they would "take in hand" reforms in Turkey, on the basis of the Berlin Treaty; but what are the reforms, and with what guarantee are they offered? There was no word of autonomy, or even of that blessed word "decentralization," and there was no means of deciding whether the Powers would merely inspire the reforms, or "inspect" their execution, or with a strong hand assume themselves the direct control of Macedonia. It may be said that the League should have waited for further details, while the Turkish armies were mustering in Asia. But they knew very well that the formula was vague, because it represented only a verbal

agreement among the Powers. Austria and Russia have no common plan. England and Germany seem chiefly concerned lest either should lose her place of favor in the regard of the Turkish governing caste. The Turks themselves could only take down from their pigeon-hole the forgotten paper-reforms of thirty years ago, and stage once more, with a Chamber to add to the delays, the comedy, of the early Hamidian period.

We do not underestimate the gain that there is in the restoration, even at the eleventh hour, of some sort of Concert. It will, at least, prevent a European conflict, and it will end, if public opinion does its duty, in imposing a tolerable peace. But if that end is to be speedily achieved, that work must begin at home. We hope it will not be found that our own influence in the Concert made at the critical moment for weakness, and helped to stave off that adequate action at Constantinople for real reform, which alone could have kept the peace. Sir Edward Grey has been censured in the French Press, and thanked by the Turks. He appears to have desired a formula even less drastic than that which was used. And it is admitted that he was opposed to a collective representation at the Porte, and that he preferred that each Power should deliver its individual Note. Obviously such a course must greatly have weakened the force of European intervention. The country will expect some explanation. Is it that the Foreign Office really hoped for spontaneous reform from the octogenarian Kiamil Pasha, whose bad reputation as an administrator seems to be balanced by his record as an Anglophil? Is it that the fear of alienating Moslem loyalty in India, which did not avail to stir the Foreign Office on behalf of Persia, or Morocco, or Tripoli, has made an effective plea for the governing caste of

Turkey? The crisis has been sudden, and our diplomacy has shrouded itself in secrecy. But if the facts are as we believe them to be, the failure of our Government will stimulate the remembrance of how grave has been our historical responsibility for Macedonian misrule, and how clear is the Liberal tradition of our duty in Turkey.

The Nation.

without armor, but he would have done so, not because he felt that to fight without protection was suitable to the dignity of the "berserker rage," but because he did not much mind whether he was protected or not. The Greek, as a politician and a rhetorician, knows the extremes of feeling. He will offer to spill the last drop of his blood when moved by a speech or by a hot debate in a café, but the cold fit will follow as rapidly, and he may absurdly fail to live up to his boast without any inconvenient degree of embarrassment. If he were more easily embarrassed there would be more hope for him as a soldier. Yet even the anarchy of the right of personal judgment demanded in all circumstances may be dispelled when discipline is made a habit—a thing that acts without the authorization of any mental process. Foreign officers who have trained Greek peasants do not undervalue the material. If the Turk does not go fast, he never goes so slow as to stop. One has heard of cases of European troops who charged towards the enemy in a hurricane of exhilaration, but who, having been ordered to stop and lie down, could not be persuaded to get up and go on. The passion had passed. A disastrous contemplation of the risks had got to work. Englishmen probably fight more successfully than any other nation without passion, because they will move very rapidly when necessary, and will carry out a daring scheme exactly as it was planned, because the plan-

THE TURKISH SOLDIER.

Popular fancy draws a picture of the Turkish soldier as a frenzied tiger of a man whose onset is irresistible in its ferocity. It is very intelligible that such a picture should have been drawn, for the two facts associated with Turkish domination wherever it exists are military success and cruelty. How can we of Western Europe think easily of continual military successes as being gained against long odds except by an *élan* which overbears every opposition and surprises by its swiftness? We cannot imagine the conjunction of military success with a certain sluggishness more readily than we can conceive of a bloodthirsty animal that does not in some way spring upon its victim. But, as a matter of fact, the Turkish soldier is slow—very slow. His slowness is at once his chief defect and the outward and visible sign of his chief merit.

His merit is that he does not care. A man who does not care whether he is killed or not is obviously bad to beat. On the other hand, his indifference extends injuriously to matters which vitally affect the issue of strategy and tactics. The potent fluctuations and reverses of temperament which mark the soldier of more subtle races—races with a more complicated nervous system—are unknown to the Turk. The classical "French frenzy" which the Italians used to fear is not a phenomenon known to Turkish battlefields. The Turk is no berserker. He might, indeed, if he had lived in the Norseland of a former age, have fought

without armor, but he would have done so, not because he felt that to fight without protection was suitable to the dignity of the "berserker rage," but because he did not much mind whether he was protected or not. The Greek, as a politician and a rhetorician, knows the extremes of feeling. He will offer to spill the last drop of his blood when moved by a speech or by a hot debate in a café, but the cold fit will follow as rapidly, and he may absurdly fail to live up to his boast without any inconvenient degree of embarrassment. If he were more easily embarrassed there would be more hope for him as a soldier. Yet even the anarchy of the right of personal judgment demanded in all circumstances may be dispelled when discipline is made a habit—a thing that acts without the authorization of any mental process. Foreign officers who have trained Greek peasants do not undervalue the material. If the Turk does not go fast, he never goes so slow as to stop. One has heard of cases of European troops who charged towards the enemy in a hurricane of exhilaration, but who, having been ordered to stop and lie down, could not be persuaded to get up and go on. The passion had passed. A disastrous contemplation of the risks had got to work. Englishmen probably fight more successfully than any other nation without passion, because they will move very rapidly when necessary, and will carry out a daring scheme exactly as it was planned, because the plan-

ning was done not in a heady flight or excitement, but with a cool appreciation of the dangers.

The Turk is a fatalist. Zones of fire have no thrilling significance for him. If he is to be preserved, he will be preserved; if he is to be killed, he will be killed, and in that case will enjoy his reward from Allah. The writer has seen Turkish reservists plodding and slouching across open country under a severe fire from entrenchments. It was a hot day. Their coats hung from their backs, being carried, not worn. Some of them chewed cigarettes as they advanced. Occasionally they would stop to fire. Their boots were in a terrible state, some being tied on with bandages. But the impressive thing, properly considered, was that the rate of the advance never varied. Possibly if there had been cover to run to it would have been different, though one doubts it. These sorry-looking, hungry fellows neither lagged nor hurried. They had had no pay for weeks. At the end of a long day's marching and fighting they would eat bread and some olives and drink some coffee and, perhaps, tear some mutton—always mutton—to pieces in their fingers. If only a fatalist could also have dash and forethought, surely there would be the world's perfect soldier! The Turk has not got dash, and never will have it. Swiftmess and real military bearing will generally be able to overcome his terrifying courage. Was it not Napier who, in describing Albuera, said, "Then was seen with what majesty the British soldier fights." The Turk also fights with majesty, but it is a purely passive majesty. His wonderful military instinct will not suffice for the hard days that lie before him, although since the Revolution his equipment has been enormously improved and his pay has been regular.

An incident which occurred in the

experience of an English officer illustrates the indifference of Turkish soldiers to bodily danger. It is possible that the story has appeared in print; if so, we trust that we shall not spoil it, as we write from memory. The officer, accompanied by a guard of Turkish soldiers, somewhere in Turkish territory, went to the edge of a cliff by the sea and began to shoot at a seal. Far below him he saw the head of the seal bobbing up and down in the water as a seal's head will. He had fired a good many times, and the last bullet had gone pretty near the mark, when one of the soldiers with him politely asked, "Do you not think, sir, that you have now fired often enough at Sergeant Yussuf?" The seal was, indeed, the sergeant. The officer was horrified at what he had done. Certainly the black head of the bathing Yussuf, wet and glistening, had looked exactly like the head of a seal. He expressed his deep concern, but the soldiers did not seem particularly to apprehend what he was concerned about. In any case, they assured him, the sergeant would not mind. Presently the sergeant put on his clothes and, smiling, climbed up the track to the top of the cliff. The officer apologized handsomely, blaming himself freely. But Yussuf, like his companions, did not seem to think there was much to be concerned about—after all, the mark had been very small, it was natural to fire at it, it was unlikely that the officer would hit it, and he (Yussuf) had not minded at all. That expresses the Turk's attitude towards life. Life is a fight. Bullets come and go like the rain, and do not matter very much more. The attitude was expressed again in the old Turkish custom of putting a round shot or a shell in a gun when a salute was fired. Blank shot was something inexpressive and inadequate. If the shell hit anyone, that could not be helped; at

all events it was not worth worrying about. It is in keeping with the **leisureliness of the Turkish soldier** that he should be consummate in all military plans which require sitting still. Put him behind fortifications, and any army in the world will be hard put to it to dislodge him. Osman's defence of Plevna, to take only one typical case, will be a page of shining renown in the history of a military people long after the Turk has been deprived of the opportunity to misgovern other people in Europe.

The Turkish soldier is incalculable only in one thing. You cannot tell whether he will behave like a fiend

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or a friend to his vanquished enemies. Left to his own guidance he is commonly simple, polite, and honest. But if it is hinted to him that excesses will be approved by his officers it is difficult to put a limit to his behavior. Start him on pillage and massacre, and he is not easy to stop. He knows that his neighbors of the Balkans would be glad to do the same for him. **The Turkish official bears responsibility worse than any man in the world.** The gift of authority frequently turns a decent man into a devil. Speaking generally, the poorer and humbler the Turk is, the better. He makes a good peasant but a bad prince.

THE PROBABLE COURSE OF THE WAR.

By Colonel F. N. Maude, C.B., R.E.

When in 1878 the advance guard of the Russian Army, jubilant and in full march on Constantinople, topped the ridge which so far had hid from them the view over the Sea of Marmora, they saw far below them sundry little black dots creeping slowly across its surface and heading obviously towards the same goal.

A German officer, an old friend of mine, has often described the scene which followed. In one moment the spirit of the whole column changed as in a flash. The whole secret of sea-power was revealed even to the humblest moujik in the ranks. Constantinople was the prize of the Power who commanded the sea routes, and not all the hordes of landmen still available in their mother country could suffice to wrest it from her. Of course, this knowledge lay at the back of Lord Beaconsfield's "Peace with Honor" negotiations.

Turkey at that moment, even with such land forces as we were prepared to contribute—some seventy-two thou-

sand men—was at the time in a far worse position relatively to Russia and her Allies than at the present moment she is with regard to the Balkan States and Greece. Hence if sea-power saved her then, it is a safe foundation upon which to build up a scheme of defence to-day, for within the Dardanelles and the Black Sea she holds that power absolutely, whatever may happen when the Greek fleet makes its efforts outside.

The power of an army on land is always some function of the product of its numbers multiplied by the velocity with which these numbers can be moved. Estimates of the fighting value of the several forces now facing one another, based on counting guns, sabres or rifles alone, are therefore always illusory, except under the conditions which prevail in Western Europe, where roads, railways, and means of communicating intelligence are nearly equal on both sides. They might have been a fair guide if the decisive struggle of the war were to be fought out

at about equal distances from the intermediate bases of both sides, but in this instance there is no reason why the Turks should elect what for them must prove the most disadvantageous conditions, and see how widely this whole subject was discussed between British and Turkish officers after San Stefano, it is exceedingly improbable that they will not recognize where their real advantage now lies.

In all previous wars the real problem for the Turks has lain in the difficulty of bringing into the fighting line her resources in men and material from the centre of gravity of her Asiatic Empire. It was a matter of months to raise and equip troops on the eastern outskirts of their possessions, and thousands died or deserted on the march. Moreover, the threat of action of the Russians from the Caucasus paralyzed much of her best fighting material, but, apart from her new railways tapping the southern slopes of the Asiatic mountains, steam transport by water has almost eliminated all these disadvantages. From Trebizond to Constantinople is about 560 miles, or two days for a tramp steamer, and these exist in sufficient numbers within the Black Sea to meet the needs of the case. If in the past she has never been able to keep more than 250,000 fighting men on her European frontier, she could treble that number nowadays for equal exertions and bring them into action with a celerity never yet contemplated.

Let us assume now that at the outset matters take the gravest course along her European frontier, that the Allies complete their mobilization and concentration with the punctuality and thoroughness of the Germans, and sweeping forward concentrically drive the Turks out of Macedonia before them towards Salonica; further, that the Greek fleet proves sufficiently formidable to hamper transport in the Ægean Sea—ex-

treme assumptions it must be allowed. The Turks fall back before them as best they can, part towards Salonica, part from Adrianople to Constantinople, massacring the Christians as they go and incidentally destroying all title-deeds. Constantinople now becomes what Lisbon was a century ago, and the Allies will be brought to a stand before the lines of Buyuk Tchekmedje, as Masséna was held by the lines of Torres Vedras—the parallel is almost absolute.

If Wellington did not hesitate to drive the whole of Southern Portugal to make a waste before the French, we may be certain the Turks will not be hampered by the moral responsibility involved in this act of destruction either. Now, suppose at this, or at any earlier moment, the Turks disembark a new army of, say, 250,000 men at Varna, and advance to Shumla, where they create a new Plevna. They need do nothing more, for just as Plevna inhibited all Russian action until it fell, Shumla—a position in every way more favorable, since with such a garrison it cannot be invested, and being only fifty miles from the coast can be easily reinforced and supplied—will compel the Bulgarians at least to relinquish what advantages they have obtained and march eastward to cover their own territory. I do not insist on Varna or Shumla—there are other places which will answer equally, perhaps better.

I am well aware that these views of mine will seem archaic to those accustomed to contemplate the rapid decisions in the thought of which Western strategists revel, but the point is that the conditions under which this war will be fought out are "archaic"—that is to say, as far as the means of moving troops, and especially of artillery, are concerned.

In these almost roadless districts, with a soil which becomes a bottom-

less morass after winter rains, all rapid concentrations are out of the question. Generally, as between highly civilized States, the pressure on both sides to end the war by a single decision is equally great, and the staffs of both armies will strain every nerve to mass the last man, gun and horse for a decisive effort. In this case, however, it is only to the Allies that a speedy settlement is important, for from the day mobilization is decreed the whole basis of their relatively high civilization is affected. To the Turks, one hundred miles behind the frontier, war brings little change. Agriculture for the present is at a standstill, and the men may just as well be at the front as elsewhere. The Turks have therefore only to "sit down"—to use their own expression—to compel the Allies to attack them, as at Plevna, and it is a physical impossibility for the Allies to arrange for the presence of an artillery force adequate to cover their attacks.

This is not because the requisite number of guns and horses is wanting, but partly because the difficulties of feeding the horses during the next six months will be excessive, and mainly because the higher artillery staffs are altogether lacking in the experience of handling the large masses of guns tactically that under the peculiar conditions will be necessary.

There may not be, there probably is not, much difference between the actual discipline and skill at arms of the opposing infantries once they reach the fighting line—no wise commander would venture to count on such an uncertain factor, and it is for this very reason that so much will have to be demanded of the artillery—but the

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Turkish defender will bring his guns into action with all deliberation, whereas his opponents will finally have to manœuvre over unknown ground and under fire. Our Territorial batteries to-day might suffice for the former task, the best field batteries in France are no more than good enough for the latter.

As the Allies gather round Shumla—or wherever the new Plevna may happen to be—automatically the pressure on other portions of the Turkish frontier will be relaxed and circumstances will decide at which particular point the Turks will bring their numerical preponderance to bear. If the Greek fleet fails, as it probably will, a fresh army of 250,000 men will soon re-establish matters in Macedonia; if not, an advance from Burgas, south of the Balkans, would produce good results.

All this, however, must remain for the moment pure speculation. The only points which it is essential for us to retain at this stage are that, thanks to this undisputed control of the Black Sea, all calculations based on the numerical relation of the opposing forces are entirely upset, and the position becomes a precise parallel to that of the British Army in Portugal just a century ago.

Whether the financial endurance of the Turks will prove equal to the task is a question with which I am not competent to deal, but if the borrowing power of Turkey depends in any way on her maintaining the ultimate integrity of her territory, she ought to have no trouble in raising all the money she may require—always provided that the Great Powers hold the ring fairly.

AN INNOCENT.

His name was Patrick Glennon. He was born within stonethrow of Lough Erne, some five and forty years ago. A part of his boyhood he spent at school, a part was spent about the little holding, a great part was—may the Lord forgive me the word! mis-spent in the whinny hillocks that here and there paint patches of shadow on the bosom of the lake.

He came "across the water" for work. Let me say that no man has ever given us even approximate statistics of the thousands of miles men travel every year in search of work. It is not a month since I met a London-bred lad of seventeen years, who had walked from Stepney to Spalding in the hope of getting a few weeks "fruitin' or taterin'." Not being a gentleman of independent means, and not having the stomach of a camel, which can exist for a week on one good meal, he had to beg a little food. He asked for bread and they gave him—two weeks hard. I found him picking oakum; and doing it very badly, as he had never known the mercy of the law before. This is called the scientific method of deterrent punishment. Dear reader, do you not find the polysyllables consoling?

I reflected, "A hundred and fifty miles' walk for work—and two weeks hard. The lad from Stepney will no doubt find this a bit deterrent—from work. What wonder if his sense of proportion becomes a little entangled."

Patrick Glennon carried bricks and mortar, shovelled earth, trundled barrows, and did all that noble handwork which villains with brains can convert into a fat banking account.

Then the romantic strain in him, which had been growing whilst he mis-spent his days on the whinny hillocks by Lough Erne, was fired by a bright-

eyed damsel from Court A, Granby Gate.

He forswore the God of his native hills and wed her before the State official. It was a small thing in the eyes of Court A, who did not share his theological opinions. But Mrs. Bridget Concannon, who is now a great grandmother and says her prayers in Gaelic, as if that tongue alone was current in Heaven, has been heard to say: "The poor lad! Shure, the devil sould him that day for a mess of porridge." (Her knowledge of Old Testament history is varied rather than accurate.) She used to say that the day of his marriage before the Registrar began his damnation.

There were ten years of wedded life with its accompaniment of work, six, and sometimes seven days a week—a drop of drink now and again as befits a gentleman, especially at christenings—desperate encounters with hunger when he was on short time, and daily worsening bickerings with Mrs. Glennon, whose bright eyes were but the sparkle and outward sign visible of an inward flaming temper.

The cause of all the struggles round the hearth was unveiled when one autumn evening Patrick Glennon came home to find the fire cold on the hearth and his wife gone, with a man from the West End.

That night Patrick Glennon was brought home to Court A, furiously drunk, praying prayers to the Holy Mother of God.

* * * * *

I first met him when he was known as A4. 22, in his Majesty's Prison. A day or two before he had been up to his old trick of lying down in front of a tram—furiously drunk. The police who tried to arrest him were rather the worse for his laborer's fist.

But he was as gentle as a lamb when he caught sight of me and what I was. I had to reflect a little before I could reassure myself. Before me stood a home-bred Vulcan. In his case the lines of life were not lines of beauty. His limbs swerved and curved like a warped strut. I had too much experience to mistake them for the limbs of weakness. Upon these warped pedestals rested the heavy framework of his trunk. His chest gave me the impression of straining even the ample width of the prison clothes. Upon this colossal trunk rested a bullet of a head, pierced with the usual human organs—none of which were quite normal. I can imagine many a stranger terrified at first sight of this being poised on the twisted pillars of his limbs. His mouth was as a rent in sackcloth. His nose reminded me of nothing so much as a dirk that had seen service. His little rabbit eyes peered out from two hedges of hard, black hair that had become parted from the parent forests on the chin and head.

But in the grey-blue eyes there was some light that forbade all fear. It may have been but a stain they had taken when, as the eyes of a boy, they looked out from the hillocks of gorse down into the blue dark waters of Lough Erne, or into the grey mist-filmed sky of his beloved land. Again, it may have been the light of mysticism or of madness. What befell the owner of these grey-blue eyes later on leaves these theories unsolved.

Many a wise thing he said to me in cell A4, 22 of his Majesty's Prison. He would speak of those who had sent him to prison, the police and the Bench.

"Shure, they won't listen to me. But I forgive them. They've paid for it.

"They'll say anything agin me. But I forgive them. They be to get on.

"Them magistrates! I pity them. They know no better. Shure, I pity

them. I bear them no grudge, at all."

Once he said a brilliant thing of his own land: "St. Pathrick druv the sar-pents out of Ireland. I do be saying to St. Pathrick at times: 'Shure, fat's the use of driving out the serpent, if you lav behind you men that are worse than sar-pents.'"

Once, when he was in delirium tremens, I saw him in the padded room. I suppose I may see the like again, if Dante takes me through his *Inferno*. I kept close to the door, glad that the warders were at hand. From time to time I thought the *thing* within him would rend me. But it would curl and then break like a spent wave at my feet.

When a few days' luxurious prison fare had drained the alcohol from the higher plateaus of his consciousness, his mind would turn back to the bright-eyed girl, for whose love he had forsworn his people and the God of his people. He would tell me how she had gone off with another man. "I didn't think it was in her to do it," he would say, as if bewildered. But though I, to whom he was always a lamb, would not have trusted "the other man" to him for a minute, yet never were his eyes lit by anything but unutterable forgiveness for the heartless shrew whom he had wed.

"Bewildered" have I called his look when he spoke of her. Her going away was to him a blinding, withering apocalypse of negation. It was as if the moon and stars had suddenly begun to fight with him; or as if a movement of his had brought the sun about his head. His little kingdom of heaven on earth over which *she* ruled, a goddess absolute, with a rod of iron, was in one night torn asunder by a revolution. Not one of the few slender ideals that he had set up in his narrow soul was left standing when the wife of Patrick Glennon went away with a man who was not her husband.

Yet the man who was her husband forgave her, for he still loved her.

But he never forgave himself; and strong drink, whereby a man drowns for a time the conscience of past sin, became the successor in his soul to a love that had been betrayed.

* * * * *

I was talking with Patrick Glennon's successor in A4, 22.

"You knew Patrick Glennon, I suppose," he said.

"Yes! What of him?" I answered, in dread.

"He died last month." Then A4, 22 shifted himself uneasily on his feet. I noticed a quiet flood filling his eyes.

"Died?" I asked.

"In the workhouse——"

The Eye Witness.

We kept silence, as if before the presence of a great law. I was relieved when A4, 22 began the panegyric of the dead.

"He was a good one, was Pat. Never heard him say a wrong word of any one. He was one of the best. He was—you know what I mean—holy!"

An uncontrollable "Amen" nearly rose up in my throat.

* * * * *

And now, ye Eugenic folk, whose great concern is to prepare a new heaven on earth for supermen, whenever you speak your damnable proposals to me—I see before me the old A4 22, radiant and forgiving—and may God Almighty help me to the heights of his splendid charity.

Vincent McNabb.

THE FAIRNESS OF AMERICAN ELECTIONEERING.

The attempt to assassinate Mr. Roosevelt will not be taken by anyone who knows America as a proof that political campaigns over there are conducted with a heat and lawlessness unknown among our less excitable people. The exact opposite is probably much nearer the truth. A few shooting cases in Kentucky and Kansas one takes more or less for granted, but otherwise there is very little during a Presidential campaign of the sustained tumultuousness that marks a British General Election—no platforms stormed, or meetings turned into riots, or speakers howled down, or heads consistently broken. Indeed, it positively shocks Americans to discover how much of the spirit which was behind the cabbages and rotten eggs and dead cats that used to come flying like bewildering meteors round the candidates' heads in the good old hustings days is still alive and operative in Great Britain; how often we show ourselves to be in our politics a disorderly,

fractious, and rebellious people; how apt is political argument among us to become an affair of lungs and fisticuffs; and how naturally we gauge popular interest in public questions by the casualty list that follows their discussion. In America, though party spirit runs decidedly higher, and though the temper of the people is far more inflammable, there is virtually nothing of all this. Nowhere, indeed, so completely as in a Presidential election do Americans show the innate moderation of action and disposition that underlies their often violent speech and their superficial hysteria; and as campaigns are conducted in the States, they could not well have a broader field for the display of their real qualities. The area of a Presidential contest is a continent; more than fifteen million voters go to the poll; the issues to be decided, if not intrinsically great, are great by the volume of human feeling they arouse; and the campaign is waged for four solid months on end with every

stimulus to passion. Moreover, Americans take naturally to this sort of thing. Their emotions are quickly and strongly stirred; they let themselves go with a speed and completeness that separate them from us by a good deal more than the breadth of the Atlantic; and the ardor with which they fling themselves into a Presidential campaign is more than proportionate to the great prize to be won, or the competitors who are striving to win it, or even the immense area over which the game is played. Here, if anywhere, disorder were excusable; yet while, of course, there are some individual instances of violence, the habitual self-restraint, good humor, and fairness of the ordinary citizen make of the election of the Chief Magistrate a most decent and impressive proceeding—far more decent and impressive, one is bound to admit, than the election of a British Parliament.

Everyone who has weathered a Presidential campaign in the United States must have encountered and been surprised by many incidents that would bear out what has here been said. The present writer recalls very vividly such an one that occurred during the campaign of 1896. The excitement of that election was greater than at the bitterest moments of the Home Rule fight of twenty-six years ago. In point of invective, the whole of America was a magnified Ulster; the smallest village had its Bryan and McKinley clubs, its parades and torchlight processions, its endless mass meetings. Yet wherever one traveled, along the Atlantic coast or two thousand miles inland, one found that speakers were listened to as courteously and meetings conducted as free from interruption as though nothing of greater moment were in hand than a gathering in aid of some local charity. The West believed Mr. Bryan to be a second Messiah; the East emphatically did not.

Yet Mr. Bryan's reception in New York, the heart of what he called "the enemy's country," was as pleasant as any he had met with in Denver or Kansas City. And Mr. Bryan, it is worth remembering, was then a young and untried man; there had been nothing in his career to win the gratitude of the country or establish a claim on the forbearance of his opponents. As one watched him addressing some thirty thousand people in Madison Square Garden, and afterwards an overflow meeting of several thousands from the balcony of his hotel, one could not help contrasting the generous welcome he received with the sort of treatment Mr. Gladstone would have met with, spite of his white hairs and historic fame, had he dared to set foot in Belfast during the campaign of 1886. Only once was Mr. Bryan interfered with on his Eastern trip. Some Yale boys foregathered at a meeting in New Haven, and successfully competed even with his voice. To an English onlooker nothing was more remarkable, even in that remarkable campaign, than the instant condemnation of these frolicsome undergraduates by public opinion everywhere, and by newspapers of every class and of every shade of political thought. The ringleaders were sent down, and the President of the University publicly apologized to Mr. Bryan for the discourtesy shown him.

It is doubtful, again, whether we in Great Britain could bear up under the ordeal of those endless parades and processions on which Americans rely as a means of stimulating political interest. They might begin as parades in England, but the odds are they would end as riots. Yet in America nothing is more common than to see vast political processions wending their way between tens of thousands of spectators in perfect orderliness, and without a single jeer. The Americans

are apt at times to neglect the spirit, but they usually observe the letter, of whatever game they are playing; and all through their electioneering customs and arrangements runs the habit of allowing each side its innings in turn, and without disturbance from its opponents. There is little or no heckling at an American political meeting. The speaker of the evening would be only a trifle less astonished than a parson in his pulpit if one of his statements were to be peremptorily challenged by a member of the audience. The understanding is that it is his business to speak and the business of the audience either to listen or to leave the hall. Cat-calls and interruptions are regarded as an offence against good manners; and political meetings in America, however inflamed party feeling may be, are, in consequence, everything that is orderly, respectable, and dull. They lack the salt of our own gatherings, but they bear indisputable witness to the obedience to rules and

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regulations which sways Americans in the mass, even if it often fails to affect them as individuals. They do everything they can to import an element of the picturesque into their campaigns. Their banners and electioneering ditties, their clubs and demonstrations, the inordinate activities of their newspapers, their torchlight processions, and the whirlwind tours of their candidates and spell-binders, are all nicely calculated to appeal to the five senses. But beneath the trappings and artifices, and the merely sporting and spectacular interest of an election, lies the consciousness that choosing a President of ninety million people by popular vote is a solemn and very serious business, and that democracy would be disgraced if it were turned into tumult and disorder. It is this feeling that at bottom does far more than the police to prevent breaches of the peace, and to make tolerance and fair play the rule of an American campaign.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Boys who like a lively story of college life will follow with keen interest the experiences of Penfield Wayne, as told by Leslie W. Quirk in "The Fourth Down" (Little, Brown & Co.). Penfield distinguishes himself in football, but he does it by a trick play which, while it wins the applause of the crowd, brings upon him the rebuke of the coach and dismissal from the team for his insubordination. How he bears this wound to his pride in the hour of his triumph and later, and what is his further share in the discipline of college sport is told graphically and in a way to hold the boy reader's attention to the end. Four spirited illustrations by Henry S. Wat-

son interpret the critical incidents of the story.

In "The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill" (Henry Holt & Co.) Charles Pierce Burton takes his lively group of boys of whose adventures he has written in three earlier books through some diverting and exciting experiences nearer home,—among the Berkshire hills. The story is of independent interest and is told in the first person by a member of the band, which gives it a certain flavor of its own. Incidentally, it illustrates some of the most captivating phases of the Boy Scout movement. There is no lack of incident nor of humor, and the average boy will pro-

nounce it a rattling good story. There are four illustrations by Gordon Grant, the official artist of the Boy Scouts.

Boy and girl readers who turn regularly to books bearing the imprint of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., with the well-grounded assurance that they will find them diverting reading, are destined to no disappointment this season. Old series are continued and new ones are begun. Dr. E. T. Tomlinson, in the sixth volume of his "Our Own Land" series,—*"Four Boys on Pike's Peak"* carries that much-traveling group of youngsters to a new and picturesque region, and describes what they saw and what adventures they passed through; Edward Stratemeyer adds to his "Lakeport" series *"The Aircraft Boys of Lakeport,"* making skilful use of the interest in aviation to give the adventure-loving boys who have exhausted the delights of hunting, boating, baseball, football, and automobiling a taste of the joys of flying; Arthur Duffey, the world's champion "sprinter" who opened a new series last year with a story *"On the Cinder Path"* in which he utilized his personal experiences to give a vivid narrative of school-boy sprinters, adds a volume *"For Old Donchester,"* in which Archie Hartley and his school-boy associates pass through new preparatory school experiences and learn new lessons of clean living, self-control and good team work. These for the boys; for young girl readers Nina Rhoades presents *"Little Queen Esther"* as the eleventh volume in her *"Brick House Books,"* and Amy Brooks extends her *"Dorothy Dainty"* books similarly with a captivating narrative of *"Dorothy Dainty's Holidays."* All of the books are illustrated.

"Morning With Masters in Art" is a profusely illustrated volume which seeks to interpret the development of

Christian Art from the time of Constantine to the death of Michael Angelo. The author, H. H. Powers, uses the term "Christian" here in a limited sense, referring to the art which was developed in the service of the Christian religion. For this reason Florentine and not Venetian art is discussed, as in the author's estimation Venice possessed a temperamental sympathy with Oriental rather than Christian feeling in art matters. In interpreting paintings the book traces the development of art ideals and shows how these ideals were shaped by a thousand changing matters. Its principal aim is to show how art enlarges the thoughts of the living by its messages from generations long dead. Because of the author's twenty years of experience with classes in the actual presence of the masterpieces here discussed, he writes as if still before them in very fact. Hence the text is absolutely dependent upon the illustrations. No attempt is made to describe a picture, but interpretation and discussion are paramount. Reproductions of famous paintings to the number of 125 are contained in the book, and the heavily coated paper brings out each detail and charm of light and shade. However it was impossible to include all the illustrative material in a single volume, and a supplementary series of *"The University Prints"* are prepared and listed at the back of the book. For class room or for club work the material here found will prove very valuable. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

With the publication of seven new volumes, comprising the three parts of Henry VI, Henry VIII, Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, and Sonnets and Minor Poems, the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's works (Thomas Y. Crowell Company) is completed. No one who has followed this enterprise since

the issue of the first volumes, eight or ten years ago, can have failed to be impressed by its unique value, interest and beauty. It is by all odds the best edition of Shakespeare which is now accessible. It puts at the service of the reader and student of Shakespeare for the first time the text of the rare First Folio of 1623, reproduced with absolute fidelity, without any change whatever except that it is set in modern type. Whoever uses this edition therefore has before him the plays and poems exactly as Shakespeare wrote them,—not as certain modern critics have guessed that he should or might have written them. Such explanations and elucidations as are necessary are given in footnotes; and these are supplemented by a great wealth of interpretative and illustrative material,—introductions, an outline of the arguments, a discussion of sources, a list of early editions, literary illustrations, glossaries, lists of variorum readings, and pages of selected criticism. Of these features the literary illustrations, variorum readings and selected criticism are the most important aids. The painstaking and laborious editorial work was carried on jointly by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke until the latter's death two or three years ago; the later volumes have been prepared under Miss Porter's direction. Each of the forty dainty volumes has a photogravure frontispiece and rubricated title-page, and the typography and press work have the characteristic beauty of the products of the De Vinne Press. The volumes are of convenient size and are published at the moderate price of seventy-five cents each.

Dorothea Slade's "Gutter-Babies" are London-born, and it is in London gutters that they disport themselves;

but there is a family likeness among these elves of city life, and the exact duplicates of the youngsters who romp through these entrancing pages and look out at one from the diverting and life-like pictures may be found any day in the North end of Boston, the East side of New York or the slum centres of any large city. By-and-bye they become a Problem with a capital P; indeed, in a sense, they are that already; but, to their own consciousness they are just children, full of the joy of living, free from all conventions, and bound to have the best time possible, in spite of their untoward surroundings. Never have they been more sympathetically studied than in the present book. Dorothea Slade has seen them in every light and watched them in all conditions; she cherishes no delusions about them; she knows them through and through; and she depicts them in these brief and rapid sketches with keen discernment and unflinching love and tolerance. "Special Johnny" is the central figure in the book, from his first appearance as the Beginning to his stealthy exit at the end with his family and their belongings; but there are a plenty of other figures, some of them deftly drawn with a few lines, and all of them true to life,—that squalid and precarious life in which the one commandment, as the author says, is "Thou shalt not be found out." The sketches are exquisitely written. A crowning attraction of the book is found in the dozen illustrations contributed by Lady Stanley (Dorothy Tennant). Twenty years ago or more, Lady Stanley published her own studies of the London street Arab; in these dozen illustrations, she pictures him with delicate sympathy and photographic accuracy. Altogether, what with the text and the pictures, this is a delightful and appealing book. Houghton Mifflin Co.